THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The above picture is an exact facsimile of the first Brownie cut which Palmer Cox published, and which we are able to present to our readers through the courtesy of the Lothrop Publishing Company. It is called "The Rebellion of the Types," and was drawn to illustrate a story by Professor Arthur Gilman, entitled "The Battle of the Types," which appeared in *Wide Awake* for February, 1881.

❀

Looking over an old file of *Wide Awake*, which was incorporated with *St. Nicholas* about three years ago, we were surprised at the number of names now well known in wider fields of literature, which appear with frequency in the pages of this old-time juvenile periodical. As far back as 1875 we see stories and poems from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, while among those who tried their 'prentice hand at literature and began with juvenile essays in fiction between, on an average, ten or fifteen years ago, are Mary E. Wilkins, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Charles Egbert Craddock, Sarah Orne Jewett, "Droch" (Robert Bridges), James Whitcomb Riley, and Rossiter Johnson. Mrs. Phelps Ward may plume herself on her later works in her reminiscences now appearing in *McClure's*, but in spite of her depreciation of her early work, some of her best writing was contributed in those earlier years to *Wide Awake*, and had a wider range of influence.

❀

In Lady Eastlake's *Letters and Journals*, recently published in England, there are some good stories, but none so delicious as that which tells of the French lady who elucidated the passage "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," thus: "Gath and Askelon—two famous clubs in London"!

❀

Will the author of the verses entitled "The Wail of a Reader," which are

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printed on another page, kindly send her name and address to the Editors of THE BOOKMAN?

❀

A recent number of *Harper's Weekly* has a very clever article on "The Bombardment of Chicago," which event is set down for June 10th of the present year, and is supposed to be related by a British naval officer. A double-page illustration by Mr. Zogbaum shows a hostile squadron knocking the Auditorium and other familiar structures to pieces. But we would ask the real author of the text whether the word "Dago" has yet made its way into the vocabulary of the British; and as for the picture, we are very certain that the particular form of tub drawn by Mr. Zogbaum is not at the present time included in the register of Her Majesty's navy.

❀

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company will issue immediately a new Scotch novel by Gabriel Setoun, entitled *Robert Urquhart*. Mr. Setoun is best known as the author of *Barncrag*, although the Messrs. Harper published *Sunshine and Haar* by him a few months ago.

❀

The new Poet Laureate has had a good many hard knocks and buffetings since his recent elevation, but now the worst of all misfortunes has befallen him. He has been praised by Max Nordau.

❀

Mr. Labouchère, in *Truth*, has been showing up an impostor who has an office in London, and who is covertly selling university diplomas purporting to be issued by a certain National University of Illinois (*Universitas Nationalis Illinoiensis*). As Mr. Labouchère does not appear to know it, we beg to inform him that there is no such institution in existence.

❀

A correspondent writes us with reference to the application of Mrs. Oliphant's use of the name Thrums to a certain locality as follows: "Mrs. Oliphant's 'Thrums' was somewhere in the neighbourhood of Dalrulzian, John Erskine's house, and of the flaring 'castle' of Torrance of Tinto, who married poor Lady Caroline, one of *The Ladies Lindores*. 'Miss Webster of Thrums' was 'the greatest rider in the country;' so that it was doubtless an estate and not a village. I do not recall the use of the name in any other of Mrs. Oliphant's novels."

❀

The New Amsterdam Book Company has just published a new story entitled *The Lure of Fame*, by Clive Holland, whose clever novel *My Japanese Wife* made quite a hit about a year ago and is now in its tenth edition; also a novel by a new writer, Halliwell Sutcliffe, *The XIth Commandment*, which Mr. Heinemann, of London, believes will create a profound sensation in the literary world.

❀

Mr. Charles A. Dana delivered at New Haven on March 10th a most fascinating lecture on President Lincoln, enriched with several new anecdotes hitherto unpublished and drawn from his own recollections of Mr. Lincoln. But there is one thing in the lecture that troubles us. At the very beginning of it, Mr. Dana, speaking of slavery, represents the South as saying, "Now we are denied this right." As this appeared in Mr. Dana's own paper, we cannot help believing that he has been reported correctly, and yet— Can it be that having for so many years preached to others the true gospel of the passive voice, he must now be regarded as himself a grammatical castaway? Lasso! Hélas! Good gracious!

❀

An energetic inquirer who lately asked Mr. Andrew Lang to write down the names of the "hymns that have helped me," did not find much in Mr. Lang's choice to advertise a hymn-book, for he replied that the Homeric Hymns had helped him most, especially those to Demeter and Aphrodite!

❀

Mr. Richard Harding Davis appears to have long lingered in New York, although, as we announced some time ago, he had intended to visit Greece this spring and witness the revival of the Hellenic Games. His luggage was packed, passports innumerable were in his possession, and he was fairly bursting with notes of introduction, letters of credit, pale-blue *billets de banque*,

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THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

From the *London Sketch*.

and the other delightful accessories of one who in these days goes forth as the accredited representative of a great publishing house. Then all of a sudden he let the steamer go without him. We greatly fear that New York is going to be his Capua, and that the fire of his genius will be quenched in the vapour of afternoon tea-drinking and its accompanying incense.

Alas, alas! Here is our British namesake in its latest issue speaking of "Mr. Richard Arden Davies"! *Parce, precor, precor!*

❀

Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company announce for early publication a new book by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, to be called *The Dancing Ghost and Other Stories*, and a second story by

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Mrs. Burton Harrison, entitled *A Merry Maid of Arcady*. We congratulate Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company on the strong and striking cover design of *Earth's Enigmas*, a volume of short stories by Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Red Eagle Series. The de-

sign, which shows a red eagle against a light drab buckram, is herewith reproduced, but naturally loses much of its striking appearance in the coloured original. In noticing Hermann Sudermann's *Magda* in these columns last month, we failed to mention that the translation is by Mr. Charles-Edward Amory Winslow. The title-page and cover design are by Mr. Louis J. Rhead. This firm has engaged Mr. Henry Sandham to make the illustrations and decorative head and tail-pieces for several of their books.

❀

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has just finished a long story that is wholly American in its subject and scene. It extends to a length of some 50,000 words, and is a study of life among the fishermen of the North Atlantic Banks. Mr. Kipling spent several seasons at Gloucester, Mass., and this book is the result of his observations among the fishing folk of that quaint old place. We understand that Mr. Kipling has not yet decided upon his publisher, and that the manuscript is in the hands of the Napoleonic Mr. Watt.

❀

The literary activity of Mr. W. D. Howells at the present time is remarkable. He has just finished his short novel, *The Day of their Wedding*, which is reviewed on another page, and will begin the publication of a new story in the *Century* in June; a third, called *The Landlord of the Lion's Head*, will be commenced in *Harper's Weekly* in July; and *Scribner's* will publish still another by him next year under the title *The Story of a Play*.

❀

The regular serial in the *Century* next year has already been arranged for. It will be from the pen of Mr. Marion Crawford.

❀

The Day of their Wedding was lately reviewed in *Harper's Weekly* by Mr. Laurence Hutton, and by a typographical error he was made to speak of the community of Shakers at Lebanon as "Quakers." Soon after the appearance of the review he received a very violent letter from an unknown person, confessedly a Quaker, accusing him of "gross and lamentable ignorance." To which Mr. Hutton sat down and wrote the following reply:

"The error, not an unnatural one from the similarity of the words, was made by the printer, and, unfortunately, not discovered until too late. The writer of the article in question is perfectly familiar with the great difference between the Quakers and the Shakers. He knows them both and he respects them both; and never, but once, in all his long and intimate association with them, has he found a member of the Society of Friends guilty of marked discourtesy in written words to an entire stranger.

"The community of Lebanon was known for years as the 'Shaking Quakers;' and they are still so defined in the Century Dictionary."

There was no response.

❀

Mark Twain, who is just now very much before the public mind owing to the completion of his historical romance, has a very curious aversion to allowing any one to see him write. He thinks out what he is going to say while smoking or knocking the billiard balls about, and

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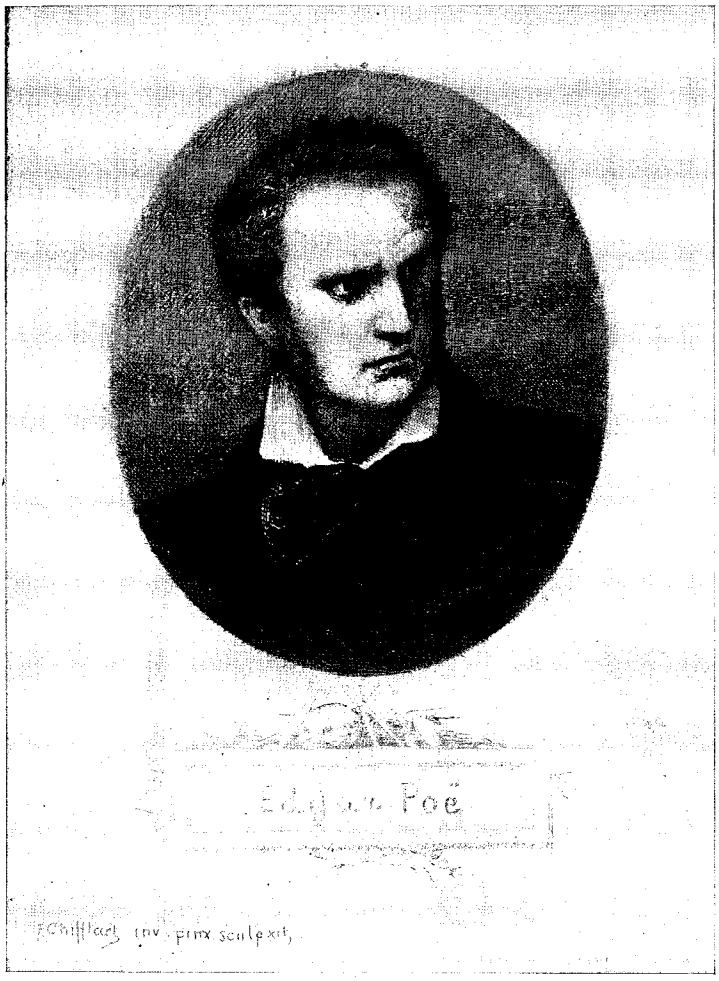
then commits his work to paper in private on some occasion when there is no one near to see him; so that even his most intimate friends have never beheld him at his writing-table. This was a peculiarity of Sir Walter Scott also, who used to rise at four in the morning and do his literary work while the members of his household were still in bed. The portraits of Mr. Clemens that we give elsewhere have never before been published. They are from photographs taken by his friend, Mr. E. R. Hewitt, of this city, to whose kindness we are indebted for permission to reproduce them. The latest photograph of Mr. Clemens, a very striking one taken in Australia, appeared in the last number of *The Bookbuyer*.



❀

We have had occasion once or twice to remark upon the curiously subtle way in which an artist always contrives to impress his own nationality upon the subjects of his portraits. A good example of this is found in the accompanying likeness of Poe, which we reproduce from a rare French etching now in the possession of Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, who has courteously allowed us to use it here. The face is the face of Poe, but how Europeanised!

❀

Sing, O Muse, of how Sir Henry Irving lately squelched a certain young and bumptious author of this town! The author in question is one who has travelled a good deal and has given to the world in many books the fruits of his peripatetic observations. Now, it befell that in one of his journeys a minor potentate of Southeastern Europe, in a glow of sympathy for the tender inexperience of the youthful writer, once bestowed upon him a decoration, of which the recipient is inordinately proud, wearing it in his button-hole on all ceremonious occasions. During Sir Henry Irving's last stay in New York the author was asked to meet the new knight, and of course appeared with his beloved decoration in his button-hole. The hostess placed the two distinguished men in the places of honour, where they could mutually dazzle one another with their respective magnificence. But the author soon perceived that the actor was painfully oblivious of literary merit, and that he had even failed to notice at once the decoration; so he puffed out his chest, and by glancing from time to time

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in the proper direction at last succeeded in attracting the necessary notice.

"Aha!" said Sir Henry, "what have ye there?" Then screwing his eye-glass into his left eye, he inspected the decoration with minute attention. The young author beamed, but tried to look unconscious. It was a proud moment. "Ah, yes," resumed the knight; "I see; a medal. Very pretty! ver-r-y pretty! And did ye get it at school?"

L. DOUGALL.

That same night the author packed his trunks for another voyage.

❀

Miss L. Dougall, the author of *Beggars All*, *What Necessity Knows*, *The Zeitgeist*, and *The Mermaid*, is a native of Montreal, Canada. Her father was Mr. John Dougall, of that city, well known throughout Canada as the proprietor of *The Witness* and a champion of the temperance cause. The early years of Miss Dougall's life were spent in a lovely old home on the mountain side overlooking Montreal and the river St. Lawrence. It was here she received her earliest impressions. A change of residence to New York made Miss Dougall a pupil of the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn. Later, a spring term was spent at Abbott Academy, Andover. Removing to Scotland, she attended the lectures of the Edinburgh University, and took the St. Andrew's LL.A. in classics and moral science. Since then Miss Dougall has spent her time chiefly in Edinburgh and abroad, although she almost yearly visits her old home in Canada. Now Oxford is the home of her choice, and it was amid the life and surroundings of that old university town that her last book, *The Madonna of a Day*, just published by the Messrs. Appleton, was written.

❀

Since Mr. Frank Stockton projected upon a puzzled public his now classic conundrum about the Lady and the Tiger there has been no such interesting mystery afloat as that for which our festive contemporary, *Life*, has made itself responsible. On the front page of its issue of February 27th, there appears a cartoon of a particularly Delphic character. A rather good-looking girl is wallowing upon a sewing-machine, while in the background, partly enveloped in a cloud, is a young man holding another girl in his arms. Underneath the picture is a legend of a single word—"Alas!" Now what does this mean? Why is the girl wallowing? And what has she to do with the other girl and with the fortunate young man? We have heard this problem debated with much ingenuity and warmth, but with no very satisfactory results; and having ourselves kept silence about it for nearly two months in the hope of an official explanation, we cannot stand it any longer. Our own theory is a very simple one. We guess that the girl on the sewing-machine has been jilted by the young man, and that she is imagining him as now in the arms of a wealthier rival. But an ingeniously symbolistic friend suggests the additional touch that the girl was not only jilted, but that it fell to her to make her rival's wedding dress. We can't for the life of us see how he finds in the picture any basis for the wedding-dress hypothesis; but then we are notoriously dull, and are, moreover, no Symbolist. Anyhow, we adjure Mr. Mitchell, as a matter of professional comity toward a brother editor and because of his regard for a nation's peace of mind, to give us the true and only

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explanation—*Did* the sewing-machine girl make the other's dress or didn't she? Come now!

❀

Speaking of Mr. Frank Stockton reminds us of a little tilt that we once overheard between him and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The two gentlemen met at an authors' reception, and after some preliminary conversation Mr. Stockton said:

"By the way, Kipling, I'm thinking of going over to India some day myself."

"Do so, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Kipling, with a suspicious warmth of cordiality. "Come as soon as ever you can! And, by the way, do you know what we'll do with you when we get you out there, away from your friends and family? Well, the first thing will be to lure you out into the jungle and have you seized and bound by our trusty wallahs. Then we'll lay you on your back and have one of the very biggest elephants stand over you and poise his ample forefoot directly over your head. Then I'll say in my most insinuating tones, 'Come now, Stockton, which was it—the Lady or the Tiger?' What would you do then?

"Oh, well, that's easy enough. I should tell you a lie."

"Thanks, awfully! That's just as good as the truth, now that you've told me that it's to be a lie. If you say 'the Tiger' I'll know it was the Lady; and if you say 'the Lady' I'll know it was the Tiger. Good!"

Then both of them drifted away from the interested group, and were presently observed to be standing in the immediate vicinity of a large china bowl with something pink in it.

❀

Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks is writing a companion volume to his previous books, *The True Story of George Washington* and *Christopher Columbus*, which is to be entitled *The True Story of Abraham Lincoln*. It will be profusely illustrated, and will be published in the spring. The Lothrop Publishing Company, who publish this series, have also in the press a new Joe Bentley book by Chaplain Clark, of the New York flagship, and a new story by Sophie Swett, to be called *The Ponkaty Branch Road*.

A few months ago selections from the "Vacuus Viator" letters which have appeared from time to time in the *Spectator* since 1862 were published in a volume titled *Vacation Rambles* (Macmillan and Company). In the preface, the author —the ever-genial "Tom Hughes"— made merry with himself as one who had "passed the psalmist's 'age of man';" and now he who so heartily "greeted the Unseen with a cheer" has

THOMAS HUGHES.

crossed the bar. The author and original of "Tom Brown" has endeared himself to so many of us who have cherished the memory of the vitality and manliness of his *School Days* and *At Oxford* that his death must have stirred the hearts of all English-speaking people very much as Tom was affected by the news of his master's death at Rugby. Thomas Hughes entered Rugby in 1833 under Dr. Arnold, and took his degree of B.A. at Oxford in 1845. He entered Parliament in 1865, was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1869, and in 1882 was made Judge of one of the county courts, which position he held until his death, at the age of seventy-three, on March 23d. His lifelong interest in the welfare of the work-

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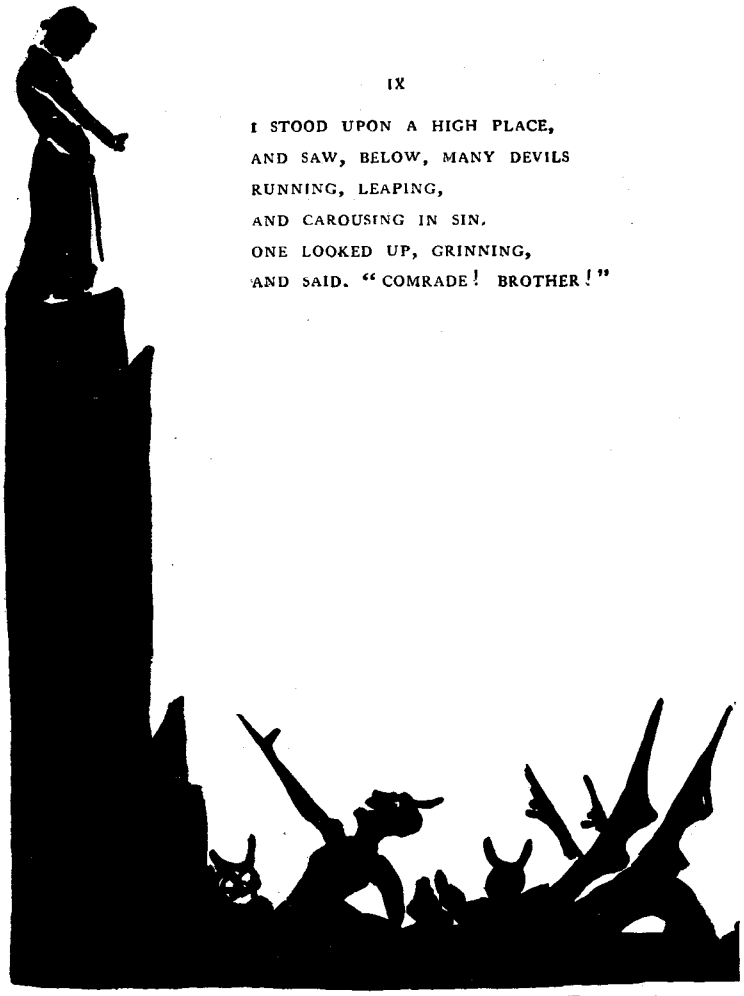
ing classes, his friendships with many eminent men of his time, and his admiration and appreciation of the life and literature of this country are perhaps well-nigh forgotten now, but were familiar facts some years ago, especially during the stress of the Civil War. He was very fond of Lowell, for whose *Biglow Papers* he had a great liking, so much so that he is said to have known them by heart. "I am proud to be able to call him a very dear and old friend," he said in a lecture delivered in Boston a quarter of a century ago. "He is the American writer who did more than any other to teach such of us in the old country as ever learned them at all, the rights and wrongs of this great struggle of yours." But Mr. Hughes will not be forgotten while *Tom Brown's School Days* and *Tom Brown at Oxford* remain among the classics of youth and find a ready response in the healthful idealism and aspirations of young manhood; nor while Stanley's *Life of Arnold* holds its abiding charm in biography, with which these books will always be classed as preserving the beautiful memory of a famous school and a famous teacher.



(Reproduction of these designs for two of his poems from *The Black Riders*. As grotesque as anything of Aubrey Beardsley, they have a thought and a meaning that his work often lacks, and are fairly startling in their weirdly imaginative power. We predict for Miss Norton an immediate vogue and a brilliant future.

❀

We feel a proper editorial pride in giving our readers in this number a chance to see a specimen of the work of Miss Mélanie Elisabeth Norton, a young artist of this city, who has made the marginal illustrations to Mr. Stephen Crane's "Legends" on page 206. Miss Norton has caught to perfection the spirit of Mr. Crane's unique imaginings, and the truth of this is even better seen in the reproduction given above of her

❀

In the recently published novel by Mr. Brander Matthews, entitled *His Father's Son*, occurs the following incident. The scene is the office of the Wall Street operator, Ezra Pierce:

The father and son took their hats and were about to leave the office, when Ezra Pierce paused.

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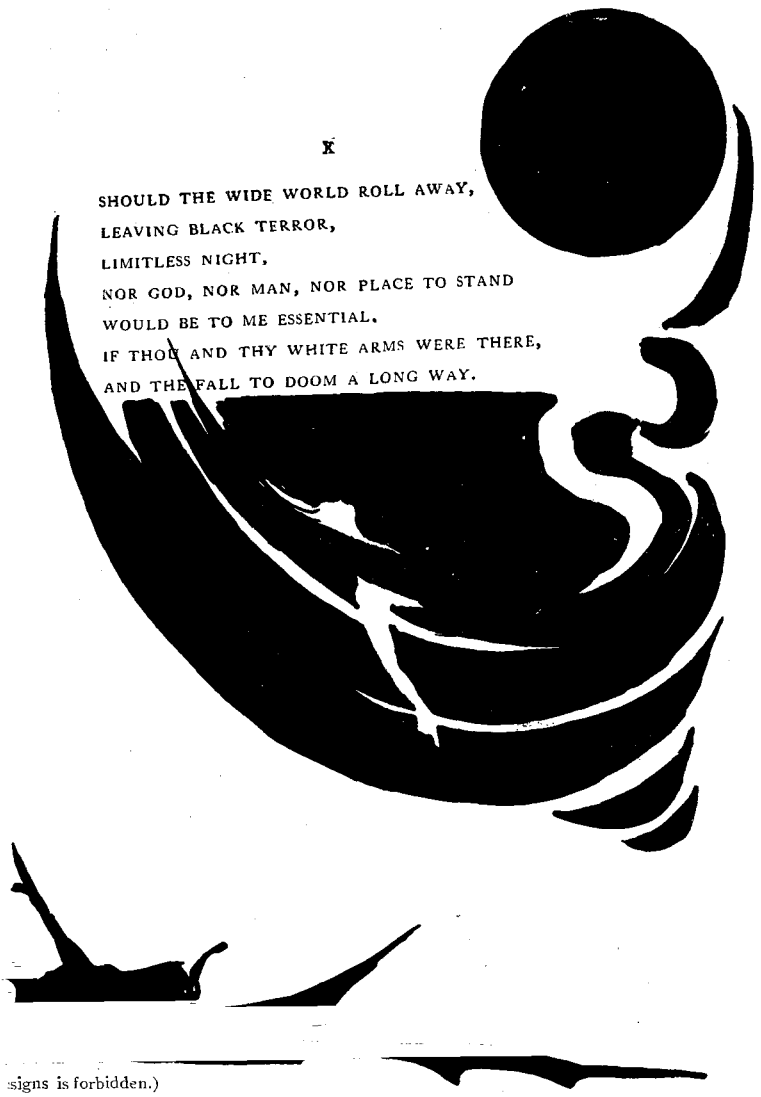

signs is forbidden.)

"Mr. Arrowsmith," he said, "what's the balance at the bank to-day?"

The old book-keeper opened the cheque-book again, and answered, "Not quite two millions."

This passage caught the eagle eye of the editor of the London *Sketch*, and he pounced upon it as a wildly improbable bit of pure imagination. "Need I say," he remarks, with truly British omniscience, "that no firm ever keeps such a sum in a single bank?" Then he goes on to characterise the episode as "a very curious blunder," "a blunder that provokes to laughter," with more to the same effect. Certain American writers have echoed this criticism, and the Boston *Journal* defends Mr. Matthews in a way that is rather more aggravating than the original attack, saying that a novelist must not be too closely hampered by facts, and that "doubtless the two-million-dollar bank-account ran from the nib of the author's pen just as fluently as the stories of African lion-hunting fell from the tongue of Tartarin."

❀

Now, we are going, once for all, to knock this criticism in the head with a fact. It is perhaps not generally known that when a young man Mr. Matthews spent several years in a Wall Street office; and it was during this period of his life that the incident occurred which suggested the bank-balance episode in *His Father's Son*. Mr. Matthews was detailed one day to call upon a great financial magnate with regard to the renewal of a rather large loan. The Magnate, who is now dead, was found in his office, and to him Mr. Matthews stated his business.

"William," said the Magnate to his attendant book-keeper, "what is the balance at the bank to-day?"

After consulting the cheque-book, the answer was given, "Twelve hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars, sir."

"You see, Mr. Matthews," said the Magnate, turning to the future novelist, "*our balance is all drawn down to-day.*"

❀

The hebetudinous British mind will still, no doubt, wonder why any individual should keep at a single bank so enormous a balance as to justify him in speaking of it as "all drawn down"

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when it fell to the sum of a million and a quarter. The reason is obvious enough to those who know anything about the operations of our kings of finance. Just as Napoleon always kept in reserve a great mass of picked troops whom at the critical moment of a battle he could suddenly hurl upon the weak point of the enemy's line and shatter at a blow his whole strategic plan, so the great American speculator must have an immense amount of cash available at a minute's notice to be flung into the battle-field of the stock-market to crush an enemy or to protect himself. It is a well-known fact that when the late Jay Gould was engineering his famous Texas Pacific *coup*, he found it necessary to buy up the entire block of stock held by Colonel Thomas A. Scott, of Philadelphia. In pursuance of this scheme, Mr. Gould dropped in at Colonel Scott's office, and after arranging for the purchase, said in answer to a question about the terms of payment:

"Oh, if you'll just figure up the amount, I'll settle for it now."

A rapid calculation showed the price to be a sum between two and three millions.

"All right," said Mr. Gould; and taking from his pocket a little cheque-book, he scribbled a cheque for the amount and walked out of the office as quietly as though he had just been paying off his tailor.

One other little circumstance should be kept in mind, in additional explanation of the fact that the Magnate mentioned above was willing to have so vast a sum lying idle in a single bank. He owned the bank.

❀

A further criticism passed upon *His Father's Son* has to do with the scene in which young Pierce becomes measurably intoxicated upon a pint of champagne. Over this the bibulous reviewers have also made merry. A pint of champagne! really now! We are rather modest about discussing this point as against our brethren whose experience in these matters is greater than our own; but we are inclined to think that young Pierce's flusterment is an additional stroke in the drawing. He is a young saphead, weak in body and in brain, and in fact just the sort of person whom a pint of champagne would bowl over. At any rate, the incident deserves no such criticism as that which Mr. Howells justly earned in *A Modern Instance*, when he exhibited Bartley Hubbard, an all-night reporter and experienced "rounder," succumbing to a couple of hot Scotches.

❀

We regret to hear that Mr. Sidney Colvin has had to undergo a somewhat serious operation, and will be unable to undertake any work for the next two months.

❀

Mr. Andrew Lang has made great progress with his *Life of Lockhart*. It will, we believe, be found a work of the highest interest. It will be published at first in an expensive form in two volumes. We regret to hear that Mr. Lang has sustained a severe bereavement by the death of his brother in New Zealand.

❀

Mr. Crockett's new book, *Cleg Kelly*, just published by the Appletons, was originally suggested by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson appreciated the sketches of slum life in Edinburgh published in *The Stickit Minister*, and advised Mr. Crockett to develop the subject, and make a book of it.

❀

Mr. Crockett has gone on a visit to Holland with a view to studying the scenery for his next work, *Lochinvar*. The scene is laid in the Frisian cities Leeuwarden and Groningen, and the time is 1685. As is well known, these cities were great resorts for Scottish refugees, owing to the prevalence of Calvinistic opinions among their inhabitants. Mr. Crockett's new book is written from the Cavalier standpoint. Its serial appearance may be looked for in January of next year.

❀

Mr. Whistler is to do a drawing of Mr. Crockett which will appear as a frontispiece to a special edition of his next book, *The Grey Man*, now running in *Harper's Weekly*.

❀

Of all Mr. Crockett's books, *The Lilac Sunbonnet* has by far the largest sale both in this country and in Great Britain.

❀

Max Pemberton is now occupied on a new historical romance, into which he

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hopes to put the best work he has yet done. We have read the opening chapters, and the story promises to be exceedingly romantic and picturesque. It has to do with the early days of Charles the Second, and will attempt what has not yet been done in fiction—namely, to show some aspects of the Plague, not only as they were seen in London, but also in the country around when the fields were full of refugees and tents. It will probably be entitled *A Puritan Wife*, and appear in the first instance as a serial. By the way, why does not Mr. Pemberton write a sequel to *The Little Huguenot?*

❀

The London *Author*, of which Sir Walter Besant is the editor, has secured as its New York correspondent Mr. Norman Hapgood, of the staff of the *Evening Post*. Both Mr. Hapgood and *The Author* are to be congratulated, the former because of the compliment involved in his appointment over a number of well-known competitors, and the latter in having obtained a thoroughly well-informed and efficient American representative.

❀

Sir Walter Besant is, like Alphonse Daudet, one of the few writers who still cherish a conservative objection to the use of the typewriter. His work entails great painstaking and patience, as he composes very carefully, and rewrites three and four times before letting a manuscript go. He never "waits for an inspiration" before beginning to write. One notices with pleasure that he is not above the human weakness of collecting autographs.

❀

Apropos of the new edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, it may not be generally known that the famous history was once "Bowdlerised" for the family, and by no less a person than the renowned Bowdler himself. The title of this work, which was published in six volumes in 1825, is worth while citing: "Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall*, for the use of families and young persons, reprinted from the original text with a careful omission of all passages with an irreligious or immoral tendency." Bowdler pompously informs his readers in his preface that he is confident Gibbon himself would have approved of his plan. In a note, which is deliciously Pecksniffian in its character, we read that it was "the peculiar happiness of the writer to have so purified Shakespeare and Gibbon that they no longer raise a blush on the cheek of innocence nor plant a pang in the heart of the devout Christian."

❀

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have just issued Mrs. W. K. Clifford's

story of what she calls "a simple woman's" life, *A Flash of Summer*. In her preface she repudiates any claim to its being a purpose-novel on the marriage problem, and says that the plot occurred to her eight years ago. Which latter fact makes her an unconscious pioneer of the movement, for her story unquestionably challenges certain aspects of the modern marriage. We observe that a sister novelist, Violet Hunt, has an unbounded admiration for this latest novel of Mrs. Clifford's. She speaks of it as "a sad, a beautiful, a dramatic story, with a philosophy running through it all which is as deep and far-reaching as it

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is brilliantly and epigrammatically expressed."

❀

Mr. Harold Frederic's new novel, which our London letter speaks of as *Illumination*, is published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball in this country under the title *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. Its central figure is a Methodist minister, self-educated, untutored in the ways of the world, and intensely earnest. He is brought into intimate association with a woman who is in every way his

HAROLD FREDERIC.

spiritual and intellectual antithesis—a Roman Catholic, brilliant, beautiful, and self-indulgent, who seeks a new sensation in tempting the raw country preacher who has yet to learn the perils of a prolonged flirtation. The scene, like that of most of Mr. Frederic's books, is laid in a small country town, and he once more draws to the life the crudities and curiosities of American provincial life. We predict for the book a success equal to that achieved by the best of his former books, *The Lawton Girl*.

❀

The very clever article on Mr. W. W. Astor published recently in the *Speaker* was written, we believe, by Mr. L. F. Austin, one of London's most brilliant and versatile journalists.

❀

We had occasion, on the publication of Professor Saintsbury's *Corrected Impressions*, to point out a *lapsus memoriæ* in that book, and now in his excellent *History of Nineteenth Century Literature* there are two instances in which his memory, laden with a great mass of details, has failed him, and which we venture to mention, not in a carping spirit, but because in a handbook, otherwise so admirable, accuracy is most desirable. On page 319 we read of "*Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë, who followed it with *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*," whereas, the latter novel, as Professor Saintsbury knows, of course, was written by *Anne* Brontë. Then he states, on page 199, that Leigh Hunt "*after* his liberation from prison not merely edited, but in the older fashion practically wrote the *Reflector* (1810)." The date of publication is correct, but not until some years later was its editor incarcerated—1813–15.

❀

A correspondent writes us as follows regarding Professor Matthews's book: "Professor Brander Matthews closes his recent work entitled *An Introduction to the Study of American Literature* with what he calls 'A Brief Chronology of American Literature.' It is to be regretted that this should have been made a feature of a book designed for schools. Of necessity it is too brief to be of much service; and to it is attached, furthermore, the positive objection that it is misleading to a student who should follow it as a guide. A mere glance at the history of American literature for the last quarter of a century, for instance, seems to make the professor's 'chronology' during the same period somewhat startling—alike for its omissions and for its allegations. Some works that have been critically accepted both in this country and abroad as part of our most representative and distinctive product in literature are not mentioned at all; while other works, not known abroad, and hardly known at home, and of the slightest import anywhere, are roundly set down. To take but one illustration: why is nothing at all said of the best novels of Mr. Henry James? Does Professor Matthews really mean that Mr. James's finest fiction deserves no place in

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a chronology of our contemporary novelists—not even a mention as a guide to a student?"

❀

We think that in a note in our last number we were unintentionally unjust to Mr. Walker of *The Cosmopolitan*. A letter from him received as we go to press will appear next month.

❀

In our last number we announced a new story entitled *False Coin or True*, by Miss F. F. Montrésor, to be published shortly by the Messrs. Appleton; and we now understand that Mr. Edward Arnold is about to publish another story to be called *Worth While*, by the same author. The latter publisher will also have a new novel by Mr. Stephen Crane ready for publication in June, with the probable title *Dan Emmonds*. In this story Mr. Crane returns to the satiric vein of his *Black Riders*. Mr. Thompson, who is Mr. Arnold's representative in America, and Mr. Crane were schoolmates; and a curious circumstance about the renewal of their early association is that Mr. Thompson had lost sight of Mr. Crane since they parted at school, but on the former observing the portrait of Crane in the February BOOKMAN he immediately recalled him and hunted him up. Needless to add that a common enthusiasm for the baseball and football field was a closer bond than that usually derived from books. Mr. Edward Arnold arrives in New York as we go to press.

❀

Mr. W. Hale White, better known as "Mark Rutherford," whose new novel, *Clara Hopgood*, has just been published, is the son of a printer and bookseller in Bedford, a prominent locality in two of his autobiographical works. He resides at Hastings, England, where he settled after his trouble with the New College authorities in Edinburgh over his advanced views, which along with other episodes in his life is related in his *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, edited by the mythical Reuben Shapcott. In his last book one is tantalised by the names of Mazzini, F. D. Maurice, and A. J. Scott, for they are hardly more than mentioned, and Mr. White, if he would, could give us such living pictures of these leaders and of many others as would impart permanent interest to his pages. We should like to see a judicious selection made from the innumerable brilliant descriptions from his pen which are buried in the columns of the *Birmingham Post*, the *Rochdale Observer*, and other English papers.

❀

We give herewith a good portrait of Miss Grace King, the charming Southern writer and chronicler of Louisiana

Yours Sincerely
Grace King

life in *Monsieur Motte*, *Balcony Stories*, and other books. A review of her recently published volume on *New Orleans: the Place and People*, in the Macmillans's Series of Great Cities, will be found on another page.

❀

A new work by Mr. James Schouler, author of *The History of the United States under the Constitution*, is now in the press. It will be called *Historical Briefs*, and will treat of such subjects as Historical

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Industry, Style, Research, Testimony, Grouping, etc. This will be supplemented by essays on "Lafayette in America," "Polk's Diary," and "Our Diplomacy during the Rebellion," and will contain a biography of the author.

❀

Lafcadio Hearn is a native of Smyrna, his father was an Englishman and his mother a Greek. Twenty years ago he was earning a precarious livelihood as a proof-reader for a publishing house in

LAFCADIO HEARN (Y. KOIJUMI).

the West, when he presented himself at the office of a Cincinnati newspaper, in which his articles had been appearing for some time, and timidly asked for steady employment, which he readily obtained. Even then his work was recognised to be charmingly written in pure and strenuous English. From Cincinnati he subsequently drifted to New Orleans, where the climate and the sensuous life of the creoles charmed him. Before Cable had made us familiar with their dialect, Hearn had fathomed the mysteries of their minds and delved into their folklore. His singular work attracted the attention of a New York publishing house, and Hearn was sent by them to the West Indies to write of the natives as he had written of the Louisiana creoles. This work established his literary reputation in the East. Six years ago he went to Japan, and before long he seems to have found a method of life which suited him. The philosophy of the people appealed strongly to him, and their life was like the fulfilment of his dreams. He mastered their language, lived among them, wore their garments, and ate their food; and found occupation as a teacher in their schools. He studied and wrote, and the result in time was his *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*—not only one of the most interesting, but one of the most just, sympathetic, and reliable books that have yet been published on modern Japan. A year ago Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company published another volume by him entitled *Out of the East*, and the same firm has just issued his new work, *Kokoro: Hints of the Japanese Inner Life*. Mr. Hearn is now a Japanese of the Japanese. He has a Japanese wife, and is proud of the son born of this marriage; he has a Japanese house in Kobé, where he now lives, and as if to complete the transmutation, he has taken a Japanese name, and is no longer Lafcadio Hearn, but "Y. Koijumi."

❀

Henri Rochefort's *Aventures de ma Vie*, the first volume of which was recently published in Paris, reached its eleventh edition within five days—one of the greatest popular successes of recent years. An extensive review of the book will be found on another page.

❀

The new novel by Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, which was announced last autumn, is now in the press, and will be issued early in the autumn. It is the most important novel that Miss Woods has written since *Metzerott, Shoemaker* which appeared shortly after Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, and made a deep impression by its story of endeavour to bring about social reform. Sociology has always strongly attracted Miss Woods, and her large experience as a settlement-worker, and her long study of the subject, combined with her fine imaginative quality and graphic power of characterisation, have given a modern touch and interpretation to a theme of perennial interest. The new novel will be entitled *John: A Tale of King Mes-*

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siah, and is the first of a trilogy which together will form a sociological study of the first century, or rather of the social message of Christ to the first century. The work has occupied Miss Woods nearly five years. She is a most painstaking and conscientious writer. "To me," she wrote recently, "while all religion is not art, all art is religion." In view of the steadily growing interest in the life and times of Christ, Miss Woods's novel is sure of a wide reception. The story of the Christ is retold with strong human interest, stirring into new life the wonderful forms of the East that moved about in that little arena of the world's history during the first thirty years of our era.

❀

Last summer there appeared from the press of the Putnams a story entitled *The Countess Bettina*, with no clue to the identity of the author except the modest statement on the title-page, "edited by 'R.'" It was only a few weeks ago that the writer turned to the book and read the story, which from the first page to the last he followed with avidity. The author proved that he could tell a story with dash and vivacity and that he had facility in writing dialogue, but the book betrayed signs of haste and carelessness in style which it would be hard to forgive, were it not that his subsequent work shows more careful writing and a rigorous self-exaction to polish the phrase and find the inevitable word. Mr. Clinton Ross is probably still in his apprenticeship, but two books of his, which will be published this month by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, will mark a considerable advance in his literary development. One of these, *The Puppet*, is a modern story of adventure, dealing with an improbable situation in a realistic fashion; and the other, *The Scarlet Coat*, is a tale of the Yorktown siege. Mr. Ross has for some time been making a study of the Revolutionary period, and the latter story is the concrete result. Another historical story, entitled "The Confession of Colonel Sylvester," will appear in the midsummer number of *Scribner's Magazine*, which is told almost wholly in dialogue, and he is now engaged on a new novel dealing with the fortunes of war in the same period of our history. Mr. Ross has an opportunity in this field which as a new writer he does well to grasp; it remains to be seen whether he will succeed. Few attempts have been made by American writers to produce historical fiction based on the early struggles of our country to maintain its independence, and the field is still clear for a successful American historical romance.

CLINTON ROSS.

Mr. Ross only began to adopt literature as a profession last June, but already he has been eminently successful. Several short stories and serials of his have appeared in various periodicals, and during the next few months his work will appear in a number of the prominent magazines. Mr. Clinton Ross, who is not yet thirty, prepared at Philips Academy, Andover, Mass., and graduated from Yale, afterward travelling in Europe and India. He comes of an old New York State family, and it was not until financial disaster compelled him to resort to some means of livelihood that he turned to literature, although he had dabbled as an amateur with college papers and had published several adolescent experiments.

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MARY ANDERSON.

From an unpublished photograph.

A review of the autobiography of Mary Anderson (Mme. de Navarro) will be found among our notices of new books. The work, modestly entitled *A Few Memories*, seems likely to attract more attention than any other book appearing during the month. An irresistible charm has always invested the young American actress; and the apparently unconscious revelations of her autobiography must increase the high estimation in which she is already held. The work itself is worthy of admiration from a purely literary point of view, in addition to the interest of the story of her life from infancy to the close of her remarkable career. Concerning the measure of her real artistic success—aside from the witchery of her beauty, her extreme youth, and her loveliness of character—there will always remain perhaps more or less of a controversy. But this beautiful, honest, unaffected book which she has written should do

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much to disarm carping criticism by its frank, sweet-spirited avowals of ignorance and shortcomings, and by its ardent appreciation of all art finer than her own. And however various may be the opinions of the author as an artist, there can never be more than one opinion of Mary Anderson as the finest type of American womanhood.

❀

Mr. James Lane Allen's story, which ran through the *Cosmopolitan* at the beginning of the year under the title *Butterflies : A Tale of Nature*, will be issued this month by Messrs. Macmillan and Company. The title has been changed to *Summer in Arcady*, and when it appears in book form it will embody a number of slight changes. More important still, it will contain a grave preface. Many readers of the story in its serial form were strongly exercised about its main drift ; but whatever Mr. Allen may write we have no doubt about its tendency. His art will always be on the side of right against wrong, and will be what we know he wishes all his work to be, spiritually invigorating and uplifting. It is more or less well known that this story has been keenly sought after by the leading American publishers, and we venture to predict that a large degree of interest will be taken by the public in the book when it is published. Mr. Allen takes no neutral ground in facing the baneful influence of erotica in recent fiction, and we imagine that the story which he has told will act like a thunder-cloud which brightens the atmosphere by alluring to or repelling from itself the thickly congregated particles in the murky air.

❀

A lady in Cambridge, Mass., is now engaged on an authorised translation into German of Mr. James Lane Allen's *Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*. They will be published in one volume in Germany.

❀

The multi-variorum edition of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, on which Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has been so long at work, is at last on the eve of publication by the Joseph Knight Company of Boston. Many almost entirely unknown versions of the Persian astronomer-poet's quatrains are included in this encyclopædic work, not less than thirty different translators besides FitzGerald being represented. The two volumes make together about 780 pages, of which nearly one quarter are in the editor's introduction entitled "Omar and his Translators." The rare second edition of FitzGerald is reprinted in full, and there is an elaborate index, in which the catch-words of the FitzGerald version are arranged for convenient reference.

❀

Messrs. Henry Holt and Company will issue shortly a translation of André Chevrillon's *In India*. The work, written in a poetic and picturesque Gautier-like vein, conveys in a wonderful manner the spiritual atmosphere of the Mystic Hindu element which inheres in that supersensitive clime. The translator of *In India* is also at work on a translation of Pierre Loti's *Jerusalem, Galilee, Morocco, and the Desert.*

❀

M. Maurice Maeterlinck's new prose volume, *Les Trésor des Humbles*, contains a series of short essays on such subjects as "The Soul's Awakening," "The Morality of Mysticism," "The Tragedy of Daily Life," "The Star," "Unseen Goodness." Several of the essays—those on Emerson, Novalis, and Ruysbroeck—have appeared as prefaces to translations from the works of these authors. M. Maeterlinck has, we understand, arranged for an English translation.

❀

The following from an editorial in the *Evening Post* of April 4th is a solid piece of timely common-sense :

"The public was never so eager as now to have a literary genius to pet and flutter about. They run off impetuously on false scents and at every hasty cry of lo ! here and lo ! there. And if they ever do find the first sign or glimmer of genius, they straightway do their best to extinguish it. They do this by the method of what is called 'making a great literary reputation.' The process has often been witnessed. An author produces something unusual, something showing an original turn, giving promise of genius. Immediately the signal is given and the whole pack of destroyers of genius is let loose upon him. The reporter runs him to earth. The photographer levels the deadly camera at him. A dinner is given in his honor at the Aldine Club. He is invited to write for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Then the end is not far off. Only one step remains. It is to be 'syndicated.' Genius in the clutches of a syndicate is a melancholy spectacle. It soon becomes subdued to the medium in which it works, and appears as dull and ditch-watery as if the divine spark had never glowed at all."

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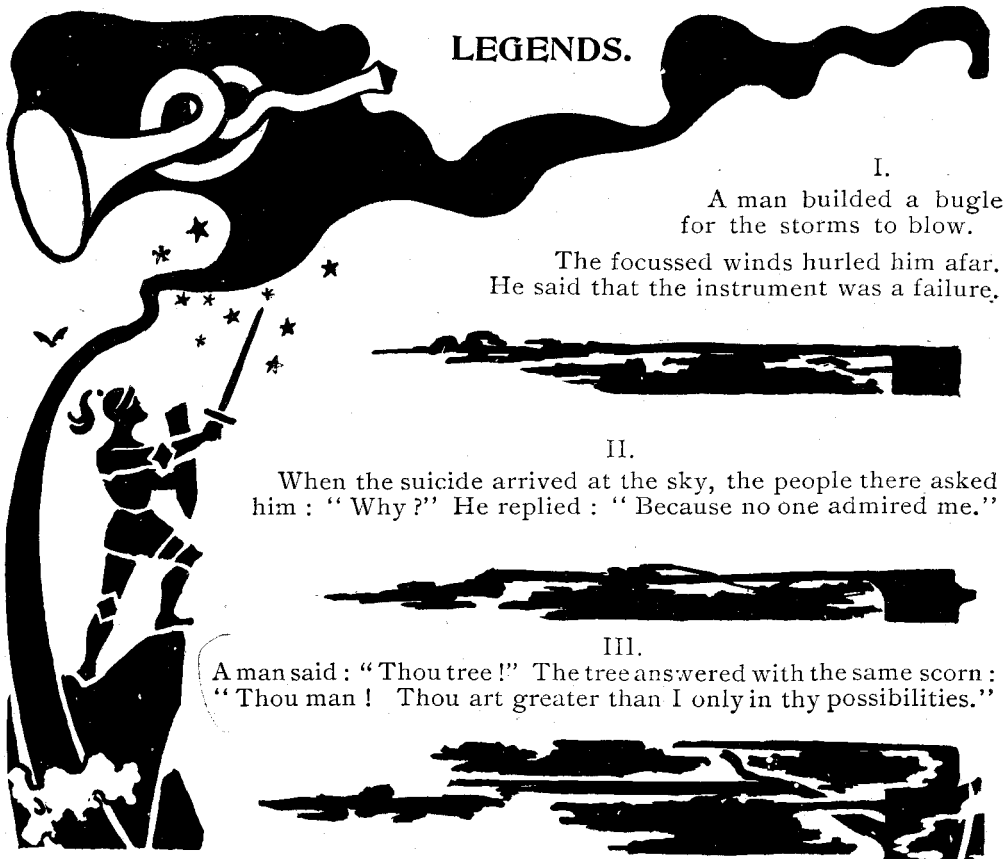
LEGENDS.



I.

A man builded a bugle for the storms to blow.

The focussed winds hurled him afar. He said that the instrument was a failure.

II.

When the suicide arrived at the sky, the people there asked him: "Why?" He replied: "Because no one admired me."

III.

A man said: "Thou tree!" The tree answered with the same scorn: "Thou man! Thou art greater than I only in thy possibilities."

IV.

A warrior stood upon a peak and defied the stars. A little magpie, happening there, desired the soldier's plume, and so plucked it.

V.

The wind that waves the blossoms sang, sang, sang from age to age. The flowers were made curious by this joy. "Oh, wind," they said, "why sing you at your labour, while we, pink beneficiaries, sing not, but idle, idle, idle from age to age?"

Stephen Crane.

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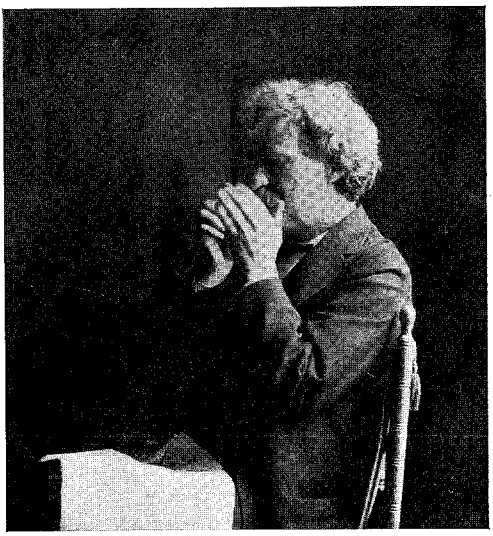
MARK TWAIN AS AN HISTORICAL NOVELIST.

Some years since, I amused myself during a railway journey between Providence and New York by watching a man in front of me read *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* steadily for an hour without once cracking a smile or giving a chuckle. Even a slow reader must in that time have got to the inimitable scene in which Tom gets his chums to whitewash the fence and pay him for the privilege of being allowed to do it, so I felt warranted in concluding that the saturnine stranger in front of me was a prodigy who had never known the pleasure of a hearty laugh and never been a boy. Perhaps, however, he had previously read Professor Charles F. Richardson's pathetic advice to Mark Twain and our other humorists to "make hay while the sun shines," and had concluded, as a good American Philistine, that, the vogue of these humorists being but temporary, it would be highly improper for a devotee of eternity to concern himself with their works save for the laudable purpose of drawing from them salutary lessons with regard to idleness and want of sobriety and decorous dulness. He had evidently never read Professor Brander Matthews's appreciative essay on "Mark Twain's Best Story," or he would have learned that our greatest humorist had already laid up perennial if not eternal treasure in the very book he was then reading so sedately and in its admirable sequel.

Whether Mark Twain himself has taken Professor Richardson's advice seriously to heart and determined to win a permanent place in literature by coming out in the high but to him new rôle of historical novelist, is a point on which I have no definite information; but I suspect that he was thinking more of his favourite heroine, Joan of Arc, than he was of himself when he began



the story that we have all been reading of late in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. Self-consciousness is not a characteristic of Mr. Clemens's art, and, like other great writers, he probably knows deep down in his soul that he will best secure the suffrages of posterity by writing simply and truly about that which he is fullest of and best understands. He also knows probably that the portion of the reading public which treats him as a mere humorist is sadly mistaken, and that he has already done work in fiction that the world will not willingly let die. It is most likely, therefore, that his new rôle of historical novelist has been assumed by the veteran writer for no self-seeking purpose, but simply because he has been caught in the eddies of that enthusiasm for the Maid of Orleans which has been sweeping of late over the literary world.

In attributing a new rôle to Mr. Clemens I have spoken advisedly, for although he has twice before essayed fiction of a historical cast, it is only

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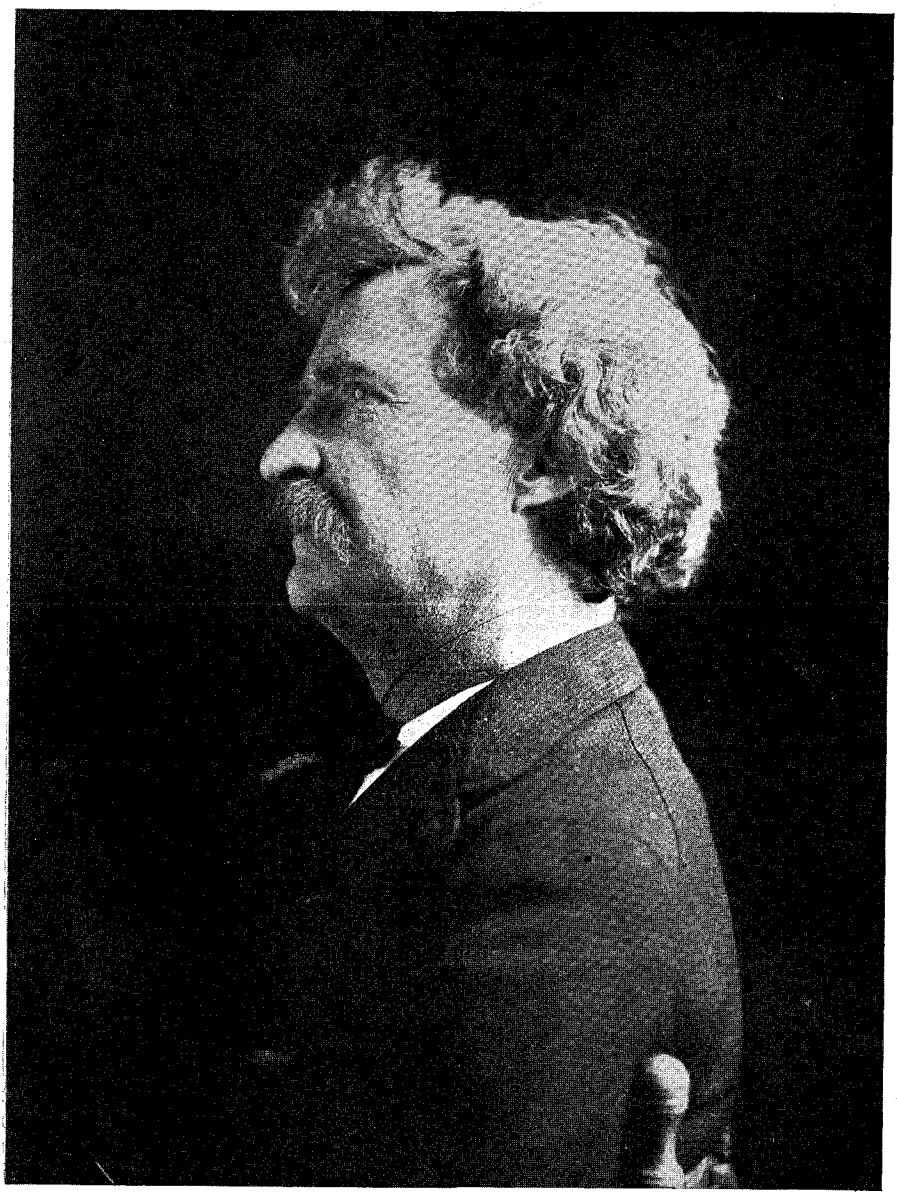

MARK TWAIN.

with the *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* that he has challenged criticism as a historical novelist, properly speaking. That juvenile classic, which has charmed many an older reader, *The Prince and the Pauper*, depends for its interest rather upon Mr. Clemens's thorough knowledge of a boy's heart and his power to bring out the pathos inherent in a situation mainly based on the world-old contrast implied in the title of the story than upon the historical environment in which the characters of that story work out their respective destinies. But in a true historical novel the interest depends as much upon the fact that its characters move and live and have their being in an epoch removed from the present as upon the fact that they act, and feel, and think along lines that are universally true for the human race in all times and in all

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lands. Tested by this criterion, that other of Mr. Clemens's books to which he has given a historical setting, *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, falls still farther short of being a historical novel. It is really the work of a humorist, not of a novelist—of a humorist who seeks to gain his effects mainly by the use of violent contrasts, which are as likely to stir up feelings of repugnance in a reader as to move him to hearty and genuine laughter. The satiric purpose, too, of the book removes it still farther from the category of historical fiction, although for some readers, perhaps, this may give it its chief value.

But in the *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* we have a deliberate contribution to a class of fiction which, after suffering an eclipse for the space of a generation, has been of late steadily gaining in popular favour. Beginning in *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1895, it has run a course of thirteen months, shrouded in as much mystery as editorial wit could devise and the author's stylistic idiosyncrasies could keep up. Almost immediately critics and general readers alike began to suspect that no one save Mark Twain could be hiding his features behind a mask supposed to represent the countenance of the Sieur Louis de Conte, page and secretary to the martial maid, and this suspicion changed to certainty when they read the elaborate descriptions of the Paladin's powers of lying and of the Sieur Louis's attempt at a poem to the fair Catherine Boucher. But editor and supposititious translator kept their peace, while the artists furnished their excellent illustrations and the public read and enjoyed. Now, however, that the story is finished, the critic's time has arrived, although for any detailed examination one should await the appearance of the unmutilated book.

I do not purpose any elaborate criticism here, but only to start a few questions which must sooner or later be answered. Has Mark Twain at last made Professor Richardson's advice about making hay as superfluous in the eyes of the public at large as it is now in the eyes of Professor Matthews and of all who properly appreciate *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn?* Has he succeeded in writing a great book or even a thoroughly satisfactory historical novel? Has he atoned in part for the wanton injuries done to the noblest woman that ever lived by the English of her time and for the injustice done her memory in dramas which are properly credited to the greatest poet of England and the world? Has he taken his stand by De Quincey's side as an inspired champion of a still more inspired heroine? These are the important questions that criticism will have to answer with regard to Mr. Clemens and his book, and with all due humility and regret I am compelled to make the confession that it is my opinion that the final answer of criticism will be a reluctant but decided "No." Not that a sympathetic reader or critic of the future will think for an instant that Mr. Clemens has not conceived his heroine's greatness in a worthy manner, that he has not told her story in a simple and moving style, that he has not at times set before us in vivid colours scenes of imperishable interest and importance. He has done all this, but it seems to me that he has failed, as many another writer has done ere now, to fuse properly the historic and the purely imaginary or fictive elements of his narrative. He has given us a large piece of mosaic work; first we have a slab of history, then a slab of fiction, and so on, with the history predominating over the fiction. It is true that the historical events that fill so many pages are told with an insight, a verve, a humour that professed historians might well envy; but the fusing process has not taken place, and the history and the fiction are separate, though in juxtaposition. Such was not the method of him who was at once the first and the greatest of historical novelists—that Sir Walter who, whatever certain modern critics may say, grows greater with the years both as a writer and as a man.

There are, I fear, other defects in the *Personal Recollections* that will not escape the attention of the critic, but that require only the slightest notice here. Mr. Clemens has essayed the difficult task of making Joan his chief character, and I rather think that his admiration for her has prevented him from making her really human and alive. It is true that he often presents her to us in her homely peasant's dress and ways, and he not infrequently strikes a note of genuine pathos; but too often he has to content himself with that most disappointing form of description, to wit, exclamatory

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comment. Yet if Joan does not truly live, hardly any other character can be said to breathe, unless it be Sieur de Conte himself, who is certainly full of high-minded appreciation of his noble mistress, but expresses it in a manner that makes one wonder how he got as far east as Domremy, if, as we are told, the Normans were the Yankees of France. De Conte may not have been a Norman, but his speech bewrayeth him to be a "Yankee at the Court of Charles VII." Perhaps, however, I am too sweeping in denying life to the characters who follow the Maid's fortunes. The Paladin, although he is simply a variation of a well-worn type of boaster, does live when he is entrusted with Joan's standard, and when he dies defending it, and La Hire lives both when he curses, which is frequently, and when he prays, which is emphatically seldom.

It would be an ungracious task to indulge in verbal criticism or to endeavour to show that one often detects a lack of imagination in descriptive passages that especially require it. It is not every reader who will object to the close of a paragraph describing Joan's approach to the throne of the disguised Charles, which is couched in the following style: "They were not expecting this beautiful and honourable tribute to our little country maid." The lack of *timbre* in the adjectives here employed, the lack of imagination seen in the description of Joan in armour rising aloft like "a silver statue," which occurs more than once; the lack of taste, if not of humour, shown in the story of the mad bull's breaking up the funeral procession; the lack of a sense of proportion displayed in the lengthy treatment of the trial, will have little meaning to the reader who reads for amusement simply, but will probably show the critic where one of the chief defects of Mr. Clemens's work lies. It lies, it seems to me, in the fact that Mr. Clemens is not primarily a man of letters. But fortunately for American literature and for the permanent fame of a man whom no one can know without loving and honouring, the creator of Tom Sawyer is something far more than a mere man of letters, even a great one; he is something far more than a mere humorist, even a thoroughly genial and whole-souled one—he is a great writer. Like Balzac himself he can afford to let the critics have their say about his style, in the consciousness that he has understood and expressed the workings of the human heart.

W. P. Trent.

LINES TO A BLOTTING-PAD.

Thou kindly porous-plaster for the ills
Occasioned by the ink a poet spills,
Absorb unto thyself his many faults,
And sponge his verse where rhyme or rhythm halts!
Yet, lest perchance thy too retentive touch
Appropriate, in passing, overmuch—
Pray leave a trace of what he would imply
Were thought but free, and ink allowed to dry!
In former times they sprinkled out the sand
To sweep it off, and let the writing stand;
While nowadays a line is hardly writ
Ere we regret and seek to alter it,
And spend in emendation so much pains
That scarce an inkling of the truth remains.
So, for the nonce, let my poor pen run free
And leave recorded, whatsoe'er it be!
Grant it expression for a final line,
And all that went before is gladly thine!
Then will this postscript yet suffice to show:
"I'll love sweet Alice long as ink shall flow."

W. D. Ellwanger.

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PORTRAITURE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

I.

A collection of contemporary prints illustrating the war which left the people of the United States a free and independent nation serves a double purpose. While it supplies an object-lesson in the impressive chapter with which the history of the American Republic opens, it at the same time affords an opportunity for the study of the practice of the art of engraving. The prints which fill the portfolio of the patriotic American collector will be found to run the gamut from the finished work of a master hand down to the semi-barbarous production of the veriest tyro in the art. Prints of the baser sort, artistically speaking, of course predominate. Many of the early portraits which illustrate this critical period of our history are so coarse and crude in design and execution, that by means of their very grotesqueness they exercise a certain weird fascination over the collector. Like as a mother bestows more than its share of affection upon a deformed or weakly member of her little flock, so the possessor of these uncouth, roughly finished, graven effigies cherishes them more fondly for their faults and frailties. Moreover, a print may be so exceedingly rare that a second thought is never given to its technical defects. The passion for the antique and quaint renders the collector purblind to pictorial merits or demerits, and indifferent to unfavourable criticism founded upon the lack of artistic quality in the heterogeneous assemblage of rare old prints, which with infinite pains he has gathered from the four quarters of the globe.

In the *New York Magazine*, published from 1790 to 1797, there is a rudely executed portrait of General Wayne. It may bear a remote resemblance to "Mad Anthony," or it may be an altogether apocryphal portrait. In the "National Portrait Gallery" of Distinguished Americans—the best collection of American portraits that exists—there is also a picture of General Wayne, well engraved by Prudhomme, which is an authentic portrait of the Hero of Stony Point, for it is taken from a sketch by Colonel Trumbull. Now mark the natural perversity of the collector's mind. The latter print he may secure at a trifling cost, for the book which it contains is still in the market, although it is rapidly disappearing before the onslaughts of the "extra illustrator." This satisfactory engraving and genuine likeness the hardened and depraved collector passes by disdainfully, and awaits with what patience he may an opportunity to give in exchange for the poorer print twenty times as much good coin of the commonwealth.

A just and reasonable doubt as to the authenticity of the fearfully and wonderfully constructed portraits he from time to time secures never disturbs for a moment the stoical composure of the print collector. He is perfectly prepared to admit that they may be, probably are, made out of whole cloth—filmy, tangled fabrics woven from the tissue of the artist's fervid brain. If it be a rare view which the amateur brings forth from his cabinet, and exultingly spreads before you, such incongruities as castellated buildings with mediæval portcullised drawbridges casting their sombre shadows across the streets of colonial New York, and stately palms lifting their fronded heads above the tropical vegetation of its suburbs, never ruffle his complacency an iota. Palpable evidences such as these, that the artist had never been within thousands of miles of the scenes he attempted to depict and draw *ad libitum* upon his imagination for the sundry unrelated parts of his composition, call forth no explanatory or apologetic remarks, or lessen to an appreciable degree the happy owner's pride and joy in his possessions.

We may judge by the following conspicuous instance with what facility portraits of our distinguished forbears have been made to order out of hand. In an edition of that well-known book, Church's *King Philip's War*, published at Newport, R. I., in 1772, there is an alleged portrait of Colonel Benjamin Church, engraved by the noted Paul Revere. For the sake of comparison there is placed opposite to it a portrait

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PHILIP. *KING* of Mount Hope.

of Mr. C. Churchill, taken from Smollett's *History of England*, 1765. The only difference between the two portraits that can be detected is that the engraving is transposed, and the stalwart Puritan captain has a powder-horn slung around his neck. The prints are of exactly the same size, and in all other respects they are identical. The transposition of the engraving may be accepted as additional proof that one was copied from the other. Here appears to be *primâ facie* evidence that there being no true portrait of Colonel Church in existence, Mr. Churchill was pressed into service as his substitute by the ingenious Captain Paul Revere. This same rare book contains a picture of "Philip, King of Mount Hope," engraved by Revere, which most assuredly was evolved entirely from his own inner consciousness. Any one who has ever cast his eyes upon this fantastic creation will at once admit that it reflects infinite credit upon the artist's inventive faculties. If childhood may be brought to mend the error of its ways through fear of bogeys, a judicious use of this picture certainly would have turned all the little men and maidens of New England forthwith into models of prim propriety.

As trustworthy presentments of the faces and figures they feign to portray, many, probably most, of these early prints are of little value. This statement applies with special justice to engravings in which the eighteenth-century Teuton had a hand, and with his burin in rest went gaily cavorting amid sights and scenes that he had never met with except in dreams. Quite as unreliable are the *pieces* put forth by our own engravers in those early days, when art had few devotees among us, and only a few self-taught carvers of copper plates, mostly recruits like Paul Revere from the ranks of the silversmiths, worked merrily away with none to molest or make them afraid of taking liberties with the faces of their contemporaries. As time passed on, however, there arose a school of competent and skilful engravers, long led by the late Asher B. Durand, and for a period lamentably circumscribed pure and legitimate steel and copper-plate engraving flourished in the land.

From the engravers in line, stipple and mezzotint of both England and

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France, we have had from an early period fine examples of graphic art in prints which illustrate American history. Of the redoubtable Captain John Smith, for example, there is an engraving as fine as it is rare by Simon de Passe, and which is in all likelihood a genuine portrait. There is a number of fine engravings and trustworthy likenesses of the Quaker William Penn, and of courtly Sir Walter Raleigh, "the honourable and learned knight;" there are portraits galore executed by such clever wielders of the graver as Vaughn, Cross, and Marshall. These and others we might mention were not, it is true, native to the manner born, but the American citizen, pure and simple, had not yet had time or opportunity to make for himself a world-wide reputation. As we pass on to Revolutionary times, it would appear that he speedily began to gain notoriety and excite interest in foreign lands, if the portraits of our worthies which the best artists of Europe then produced are allowed in evidence.

Portraits of Washington and Franklin, especially the latter, engraved in France and England, are, as would naturally be expected, the most numerous. Mr. Elias Dexter, the old print-seller of our younger days, collected several hundred different portraits of Franklin, and I do not think that he considered his collection complete. Many of these engravings—all the finest—are French. The heart of the French nation went out to the struggling young Republic across the sea, and when the American Commissioner, in his plain attire of "garments gray," appeared at the gilded court of Versailles, that gay and brilliant company made him the idol of the hour, and paid him the sincerest form of flattery by aping the fashion of his dress. The foremost painters and sculptors of France vied with each other in depicting on paper, canvas, and ivory, in bronze, marble, bisque, and porcelain the flowing powdered wig, fur cap, and spectacles of Franklin, until the wise, benevolent, kindly face of the Philadelphia printer became known throughout the length and breadth of the Kingdom. The eulogistic lines which appear at the foot of a beautifully engraved portrait of Franklin, by Le Beau, attest the admiration of the French people for the character and genius of the transatlantic statesman and philosopher who so long sojourned among them:

> "Sa vertu, son courage et sa simplicité,
> De Sparte ont retracé le Caractere Antique
> Et cher a la raison, cher á l'Humanite
> Il eclaira l'Europe et sauva l'Amérique."

The most beautiful of the *small* portraits of Franklin is the one engraved by Alexander Tardieu after the painting by Duplessis. It is a gem of engraving of the very first water, such as only the best of the French *graveurs du dix-huitienne siècle* were capable of producing.

Next to the Washingtons and Franklins in point of numbers, as well as in the quality of the engravings, are the portraits of Lafayette. After passing in our list this name, so affectionately regarded by all Americans, we have less freedom of choice in completing the gallery of Revolutionary celebrities, but of almost every individual at all distinguished in the annals of those days some picture is obtainable, good, bad, or indifferent. It may be a speaking likeness, or it may be a transparent fraud. A few names, however, are wanting in the series of *Icones Heroum Americanorum* which we greatly miss. We may take our choice of two or three pictures of the "Unfortunate Major André," but of the "martyr spy," Captain Nathan Hale, who came to a similar but still sadder ending of a brave career, there is no engraved portrait. There is a rare engraving which is conjectured to be a portrait of the executioner of Nathan Hale, William Cunningham, a riding master in the city before the Revolution, and a most obnoxious loyalist. During the British occupancy he was made Provost Marshal, and placed at the head of the police of the city. While we are not able to authenticate it positively, the coarse, brutal face, which glares at the beholder from this engraving, answers perfectly to the character which history ascribes to the notorious Cunningham. The inscription at the bottom of the plate strengthens our belief in the picture as a genuine likeness of the infamous Provost. It reads thus: "This portrait was taken by an artist of eminence, and stuck up in the English Coffee House at Dunkirk, and was greatly admired there as a good characteristic likeness."

Pre-eminent among rare Revolutionary prints are the large portraits by J. Norman of General and Mrs. Wash-

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ington,* published in Boston, March 26th, 1782, by John Coles. As atrociously bad engravings they rival the set of Doolittle prints† of the battles of Lexington and Concord, published at four shillings plain and six shillings coloured. The Lenox Library recently paid $500 for a set of the Doolittle prints. These and the Norman Washingtons when offered for sale tempt more money from the collector's purse than any other Revolutionary prints, except it be the original Boston Massacre by Paul Revere.

A number of contemporaneously engraved "heads" are supplied by our own eighteenth-century magazines—*The Royal American*, *New York*, *Columbian and Massachusetts*, by Andrews, and Murray's (English) *Histories of the War*, and by the *Impartial History*, that book so greatly coveted by the collector, which contains a dozen alleged portraits of prominent Revolutionary characters, including an extraordinary picture, or, more properly speaking, unintentional caricature of General Washington. There were two editions of this work, one published in England and the other in America. The last named, with the plates engraved by J. Norman, is by far the rarest and most desirable from a print-collector's standpoint. They are not the best engravings, but they are the most singular and original-looking prints, and besides are of home manufacture, and supply us with specimens of American engraving in the eighteenth century which are not always to be had for the asking. It is important for the collector to secure both editions of the *Impartial History*, as the same individuals are not portrayed in each. Only five appear in both: Washington, Franklin, Hancock, Adams, and Gates. The other portraits are as follows:

In the English Edition: In which all the figures are full lengths.	In the American Edition:
Arnold.	Knox (oval).
Wooster.	Wayne (oval).

* Inscription on this engraving: R. Blyth, del. J. Norman, Sculp. His Excellency, George Washington, Esq., General and Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies supporting the Independence of America. Taken from an original picture in possession of his Excellency Gov. Hancock, published by John Coles, Boston, Mch 26th, 1782.

† We learn from Barber's *History and Antiquities of New Haven*, that these prints were engraved on copper in 1775 by Amos Doolittle, from original paintings taken on the spot by Mr. Earl, a portrait painter. They were Mr. Doolittle's first attempt at the art which he pursued for more than half a century. Mr. Doolittle was still living and practising his art as late as 1831.

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Putnam.
Charles Lee.
Com. Hopkins.
Gen. Howe.
Admiral Howe.
The American Rifleman.
Lincoln (oval).
Montgomery (full length).
Warren (full length).
Greene (oval with base).
Lafayette (oval) with ornamental frame.

Of the remaining five portraits in the American edition, the Franklin is in an oval, Adams in an oval with a base, Gates in an oval, Washington and Hancock are full lengths.

W. L. Andrews.

(*To be continued.*)

BALLADE OF HOLYWELL STREET.

If you follow the tide of the "roaring Strand"
To St. Paul's, looming high in the murky air,
You will note a lane where the bookstalls stand
That is long and narrow and nowise fair;
Upon all the sills and the windows there
In merry revel the dust-motes meet,
Yet not a shelf in a shop is bare
In gloomy and gray old Holywell Street.

St. Mary's sentinels, near at hand,
This way where a ray of the sun is rare;
And the throngs rush by, as the years expand,
With never a passing thought to spare
To tomes that the dust and darkness share;
But the few who tarry on hasteless feet,
How they pore over folios worse for wear
In gloomy and gray old Holywell Street!

Here all are level: the great and grand
Are shelved with Poverty and Despair;
The sage whose philosophy filled the land
Elbows the humorist debonair;
Sinners and saints, how they oddly pair!
And foes once fierce, how they warmly greet!
A fellowship free reigns everywhere
In gloomy and gray old Holywell Street.

Envoy.

Friend, flee awhile from the fret and glare
Of wider ways to the shadows sweet,
And wander there with the ghosts that fare
In gloomy and gray old Holywell Street!

Clinton Scollard.

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STENDHAL.

I.

Some years ago M. Ferdinand Brunetière, in an appreciative study of George Eliot (*Le Naturalisme Anglais*), noted with surprise that out of every hundred Frenchmen who found pleasure in *David Copperfield* or *Vanity Fair* there was scarcely one who knew the author of *The Mill on the Floss*. This strange indifference, which he deprecated, "towards one who for twenty-five years had floated the flag of naturalism in England," is a good example of the misappreciations which so frequently mar our general view of a foreign literature. A similar although less surprising instance of such false perspective is afforded among English readers by Stendhal, who, if not altogether unknown, is at least unread. As a rule, votaries of the French novel, and especially of the realistic school, find an abundance for their daily pabulum in the present surfeit of fin-de-siècle fiction, or at least do not care to go back beyond Flaubert and Balzac, who, although contemporaries of Stendhal, are in some respects a generation in advance of him. It is not surprising that a writer who confessedly ignored the literary movements of his age and country, and who found delight in early Italian *novelle*, and still more oddly, in the productions of Crébillon, should remain somewhat behind his time, and that his novels should possess a distinctly old-fashioned and even primitive flavour, especially as they deal with an epoch of manners and customs which the present generation has happily outgrown.

MARIE-HENRI BEYLE (STENDHAL).

In a certain sense Stendhal forms a connecting link between the *conteurs* of the eighteenth and the novelists of the present century. On the other hand, his profound analytical qualities appeal peculiarly to recent modes of thought, and have won him the respectful attention of the modern psychological novelists. Even in France his reputation is mainly posthumous, while "Stendhalism" as an enthusiastic cult is distinctly the product of the last decade, a curious fulfilment of his favourite prophecy that his writings would not be appreciated before 1880. He has now received permanent recognition among the great names of French literature, and forms the subject of a recent volume in the *Grands Écrivains Français* series. Zola claims him, in behalf of the naturalistic school, as "notre père a nous tous," and his name is to-day coupled with that of Balzac as familiarly as we speak of Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning. Since the *Comédie Humaine* is being made accessible to the English-speaking public, not only in the excellent translation of Miss Wormsley, but also in the attractive series which Mr. George Saintsbury is in the course of editing, Stendhal should not be suffered to lie neglected, and Messrs. Richmond and Company are to be congratulated upon the initiative they have taken in issuing their dainty *édition de luxe* of the *Chartreuse de Parme*.*

* La Chartreuse de Parme. By Stendhal (Marie-

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Marie-Henri Beyle, who chose to masquerade behind the somewhat Teutonic pseudonym of Stendhal, was born January 23d, 1783, in the town of Grenoble, in Dauphiné, where his father was a man of some consequence, both as advocate and as head of one of the leading bourgeois families of the province, and where the little Henri was destined to pass a childhood of unhappiness and repression. Like Émile Zola, he was of mixed origin, his mother claiming to be of Italian descent; and it is from her, doubtless, that he inherited not only his extreme sensitiveness, but also his strong predilection for Italy, which later became his country by adoption, and upon which he lavished all the affection which he denied to his place of birth. After the early loss of his mother the care of Henri devolved upon his aunt—later his step-mother—Séraphie Gagnon, "that female devil whose age I never knew," and whose reign seems to have been one long despotism. Scarcely more cordial were his relations towards his father, a man to all appearances rude and disagreeable, and utterly lacking in sympathy for the son whom he was unable to understand. Yet this hardly explains or excuses the bitterness of Stendhal, who currently calls him in a private journal "mon bâtard de père," and who, in 1832, can still write, in reference to the latter's death ten years earlier, "During the first month I did not think of him three times; five or six years later I tried in vain to mourn for him. The reader will think me a bad son; he will be quite right." Stendhal's entry in the École Centrale, so impatiently awaited as a partial escape from home, was a disappointment. His numerous peculiarities, a large head and overgrown limbs, awkward self-consciousness, and an extreme susceptibility, made him the frequent butt for ridicule among his companions. The description of Julian Sorel at the seminary, in *Rouge et Noir*, who "could not please, he was too different," is doubtless a reminiscence of this period. Failing in popularity, he applied all his energy to study, especially to mathematics, with the sole design of preparing for some career which would open an avenue of escape from Grenoble. A small provincial town, with its narrow prejudices and petty formalisms, was the last place in the world for the favourable development of such an independent, unconventional, and withal sensitive nature, and it was probably quite as much for this cause as for his unhappy home life that Stendhal retained such a cordial detestation for his birthplace. "Grenoble," he wrote, years later, "is to me the souvenir of an abominable indigestion; . . . whatever is base and tame, without compensation, whatever is hostile to the least generous movement, whatever rejoices in the wretchedness of a patriotic and generous soul, that to me is Grenoble."

In 1800, having the opportunity of going to Paris, with letters to some distant connections—the family of M. Daru—he welcomed it as a happy deliverance. The following year he accompanied the two younger Darus to Italy, and was present at the battle of Marengo, where his enthusiasm was roused to such a point that he joined a regiment of dragoons, and served until the Peace of Amiens, retiring with the rank of sub-lieutenant. This period was a turning-point in Stendhal's career. The beauty, the gaiety, the charm of Italy, as typified by the free and joyous life of Milan, which opened its arms to the conquerors, were well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of a nature so impressionable as his. Stendhal describes the situation with his customary incisive brevity: "All of a sudden this General Bonaparte, whom all well-bred folk supposed hanged long ago, descended from Mount St. Bernard. He entered Milan; the moment is still unique in history. Picture to yourself a people gone mad with joy. A few days later Napoleon gained the battle of Marengo. It is needless to tell the rest; the intoxication of the Milanese had reached its height." Henceforward Napoleon was to be his demigod and Milan his earthly paradise.

In 1816 he could still write: "I have never met with a people so after my own heart. When I am with the Milanese and speaking the Milanese dialect, I forget that men are wicked, and all the evil of my own nature goes to sleep on the instant." Sainte-Beuve, however unjust he may have been in his analysis of Stendhal as an author, rightly estimates the lasting influence of this first stay in Italy. "In this interval," he says, "during his stay in Lombardy, at Milan,

Henri Beyle). Translated by E. P. Robins. 3 vols. New York: G. H. Richmond & Co. $7.50.

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Brescia, or Bergamo, when less than twenty years of age, in the midst of these emotions of youth and glory, he finished his veritable education and his inner nature acquired the form which he was henceforward only to develop and mature. He had found his ideal of art and nature; he had found the country of his election. If his romance of the *Chartreuse de Parme* has seemed the best of those which he composed, and if it appeals to the reader at the start, this is because, from the opening page, he has rendered with vivacity and true feeling the souvenirs of that brilliant hour." Stendhal himself has summed it up more briefly in one of the numerous obituary notices which a curious whim prompted him to write: "It was the most beautiful period of his life; he adored music and literary renown, and had a profound respect for the art of giving a good sabre stroke." The attraction of the sabre stroke seems to have predominated, for after a brief interlude of folly over a certain footlight favourite, Mélanie Guilbert, who lured him as far as Marseilles, only to discard him in favour of a more prosperous Russian, we find Stendhal once more in the suite of Napoleon, whose fortunes he followed throughout the Prussian campaign, and, indeed, until after the return from Moscow. During the latter period he was connected with the commissariat, and did effective service in procuring for the army almost the only regular supplies they had during certain stages of the retreat.

It is typical of the man that in the midst of all these stirring, often harrowing scenes, he remained unmoved. Their grandeur and heroism seem to have quite escaped him. "The thirst that I used to have to see the world is wholly quenched," he wrote from Smolensk; "since I have seen Milan and Italy all that I see repulses me by its coarseness." The burning of Moscow, indeed, aroused his enthusiasm; it was "the most beautiful conflagration in the world," only "I ought to have seen it alone, or else surrounded by brilliant society in order to enjoy it. The whole Russian campaign has been spoiled for me by having to make it in company with fellows who would disparage even the Colosseum or the Bay of Naples." It was Stendhal's misfortune that he demanded too much of the world, and consequently was destined to a perpetual disillusionment. Life was never highly enough seasoned to satisfy his thirst for excitement, and even love and war, his favourite emotions, fell below his expectations. M. Edouard Rod, Stendhal's most recent, and, on the whole, sympathetic biographer, dwells upon the story that on the evening of the day when Stendhal had been for the first time under fire, he asked himself in all sincerity: "Is that all it amounts to?" "This phrase of his," adds the critic, "formed throughout his life a melancholy refrain, a sort of *leitmotiv* of his experiences."

With Waterloo, Stendhal, like many another young man of that time, witnessed the downfall of his political aspirations. He seems to have accepted the situation with a certain stolid philosophy. "After the defeat of Napoleon," he says in his *Vie de Rossini*, "the author perceived that it is a good deal of a swindle to waste one's youth in the midst of political enmities, and has taken to knocking about the world instead." Remaining loyal to the fallen Emperor, he was implacable towards the Restoration, and steadfastly refused offers of a government position at Paris. "I ceased to be a Frenchman in 1814," he declares significantly in a footnote to his *Rome, Naples et Florence*. He does not seem to have even considered the possibility of remaining in France, but returned, almost as a matter of course, to Italy, and settled in Milan, the one place which represented to him the sum of terrestrial happiness.

It is a temptation to dwell upon this period, embodying as it does the happiest years of Stendhal's life. He felt himself at last his own master, emancipated from the petty miseries of distasteful surroundings and uncongenial comrades, which to such a temperament were harder to bear than the more serious ills of life. In the Milanese he had found a people with whose habits of thought and mode of living he was in entire sympathy, and he slipped into his self-appointed place as naturally as though an Italian born and bred. One likes to think of him playing a quiet, unobtrusive part in the gay life of Milan, revelling in the operas of Rossini and Cimarosa, and the ballets of Viganò, and dividing his evenings between a favourite salon, where experience had taught

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him that by one o'clock the company was usually reduced to eight or ten, and "there was always some one who could tell spicy stories of Venetian life along in 1790," and the loges at La Scala, where "some wager was always on foot, the stakes invariably being sorbets, which are divine: there are three kinds, *gelati*, *crepè* and *pezziduri*, and their acquaintance is worth making. I have not decided which kind is the best, although I sample them every night." And all the while he is so naïvely, frankly joyous, so contented with the novelty of his surroundings, that a bit of racy gossip, a game of *tarocco*, or even one of these "divine sorbets" suffices to set him rhapsodizing for whole pages over the *bonhommie Italienne*. It is the spirit of spontaneity which makes certain parts of his *Rome, Naples et Florence* such pleasant reading.

Next to the music, the chief charm which these evenings had for Stendhal lay in the frank and not infrequently broad tone of the conversation, and the insight it afforded to existing social conditions, although he marvelled that Italian ladies "ne se gênent pas" in discussing, even before their daughters, many topics which are avoided in France. He was never happier than when he met with an Italian in an anecdotal mood, from whom he might elicit something in the nature of a story, from musty old tales of mediæval vengeance to the latest current scandals of love and intrigue, seeing in each a fresh problem in psychology, and a criterion of the "code of morals and mode of pleasure-hunting prevailing in Italy, things which are not to be seen with the eyes of the head, as Napoleon used to say." For his own part, he rather avoided talking, possessing the rare quality of a good listener, and bearing in mind that "the mad desire to talk and put one's self forward, which characterise young men of a certain nation, causes them to be looked upon with horror in Milan." But while he listened he was gathering and [illegible]ng away that inexhaustible fund of wit and anecdote which in later years earned him distinction as an *homme a'esprit* in the most brilliant salons of Paris. His writings overflow with delightful reminiscences of this period, brief glimpses of famous writers and musicians whom he knew personally, with his momentary impression of their worth —men like Monti, "the resuscitated Dante of the eighteenth century;" Manzoni, "a very pious young man, who disputes with Lord Byron the title of greatest living lyric poet;" or Silvio Pellico, "who writes in the language of Ariosto and Alfieri, and who, *si fata sinant*, promises great things to Italy."

It was not, however, the society of such men of note which made Milan so congenial to Stendhal, or which he regretted when forced to leave the city. It was rather, as he said, "their whole mode of life, the naturalness of their manners, the good-fellowship, the grand art of being happy, which is here put in practice, with this additional charm, that these good folk do not know that it is an art, and the most difficult art of all." He was so engrossed in putting in practice this "grand art of being happy," so wrapped up in the music, the painting, the blue sky of Italy, that he remained unmoved even by his father's death and the consequent discovery that the 10,000 francs a year, which should by rights have been his, had been dissipated, leaving him dependent upon the meagre income inherited from his mother; such work-a-day cares could not reach him in dreamland. The one thing, at this period, which could ruffle his serenity was a chance encounter with a fellow-countryman. It is a curious paradox that the same man who, after enduring the horrors of the Russian campaign, could render the laconic verdict that "M. Beyle never thought that there was anything in the retreat worth crying about," should have to admit that in Italy a Frenchman had the secret of annihilating his pleasure in an instant: "I am in heaven, savouring with delight the fondest, wildest illusions; he pulls me by the sleeve to remind me that a cold rain is falling; that it is after midnight; that the street we have taken has no lamps; that we run the risk of losing our way and not getting back to the hotel, perhaps of being robbed. That is what befell me this evening; the encounter with a compatriot is fatal to me." This is but a single manifestation of an undefined but growing hostility which Stendhal evinced toward France as a whole, the France of the Restoration; toward the new order of things, which he "despised but could not hate," as he said in his *Souvenirs d'Egotisme*, and which is

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most apparent in *Rome, Naples et Florence*, where one can read between the lines a continual parallel between France and Italy, and always to the detriment of the former. After lauding Italian informality, he says, "at Paris, every time you call on an intimate friend it is necessary to break the thin superficial ice which has formed in the four or five days since you met." Commenting on the Milan Cathedral, he concludes, "I will say to those who are born with a certain tact for the fine arts: this brilliant architecture is Gothic, without the thought of death; it is the gayety of a melancholy heart; . . . but these things are invisible to the vulgar, and only irritate. In Italy the vulgar are few; in France they are the immense majority." Even the ladies are included in his prejudice. "Italian women are the most thorough women in the world, and not mere small-footed men, like our French women." In after life Stendhal somewhat modified these views, but he seems never to have outgrown them. Even after years of pleasant residence in Paris he could still write in his preface to the *Chartreuse de Parme*—the last book published in his life-time—"The characters, being Italian, will lack interest, for the hearts of that country are very different from French hearts; the Italians are sincere, kindly folk, and, not being easily shocked, say what they think. It is only spasmodically that they have vanity; then it becomes a passion, and takes the name of *puntiglio*. Lastly, poverty is not a matter of ridicule with them." There we have Stendhal's final verdict: the French are insincere, vain, and purse-proud. Small wonder that his works were not received with acclamation.

His stay at Milan came to a sudden close. His friendship with certain Italian patriots incurred the suspicions of the Austrian police, and resulted in his abrupt banishment. He set out for Paris "with the sum of 3500 francs, looking forward to the sole pleasure of blowing my brains out when that sum was spent." Contrary to his expectations, life in Paris proved something more than tolerable, thanks primarily to the salon of Destutt de Tracy, where he met congenial spirits, Benjamin Constant, La Fayette, and others, or that of Mme. Pasta, the famous actress, whose home was the rendezvous for all the exiled Italians who found their way to Paris, and where he could delight his ears with the sound of the Milanese dialect. But no amount of pleasant society compensated for his lost Italy, and in 1830 he welcomed the Revolution of July with open arms, seeing in it a tardy resurrection of the hopes buried at Waterloo. He was in thorough sympathy with Louis-Philippe, and had no scruple in accepting the consulship which friends secured for him, in the first instance, at Trieste. The Austrians, however, persisting in their former suspicions, refused to accept his credentials, and he was transferred to Cività Vecchia, remaining there until shortly before his death. But the life of a consul in a small Mediterranean seaport proved very different from his expectations, and there is no doubt that much of the time he was wretchedly unhappy. Italy without the salons and loges, without music or ballet, was no Italy at all; the very language spoken around him, in which he missed the Milanese accent, grated upon him. He was intolerant of the constraint imposed by the duties of his office, the climate, the people, even the petty details of his daily life. "I have never before fully realised the misfortune of having a father who ruined himself," he wrote from Trieste. "If I had only known, in 1814, that my father was to be ruined, I would have become tooth extractor, lawyer, judge, etc. To think of having to tremble over the retention of a place where one is bored to death!" The proximity of Rome to Cività Vecchia was a constant aggravation, as that of Venice had been at Trieste. He even welcomed the advent of a compatriot, both for the sake of company and as an excuse for a visit to the capital, in the capacity of *cicerone*. We find him growing morbid in his isolation and losing confidence in his own judgment. "I do not understand myself," he wrote in his *Souvenirs d'Egotisme*. "It is that which sometimes makes me desolate, as I lie at night, thinking. Have I known how to make the most of the chances in the midst of which I was thrown by the omnipotence of Napoleon (whom I still adore), by our tumble into the mud in 1814, and our effort to get out of it in 1830? I greatly fear not; I have acted from caprice and at random."

The trying climate of Cività Vecchia undoubtedly shortened Stendhal's life.

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In the winter of 1841 failing health took him to Paris, where an apoplectic stroke, on the 15th of March, brought him "face to face with nothingness," and a second stroke ended his life on the 23d. At an earlier period, when contemplating suicide, he had composed an epitaph, "which," says M. Rod, "was his last defiance to the conventions of society and of his country, and which in its laconism resumes fairly well his whole life: '*Qui giace Arrigo Beyle, Milanese: visse, scrisse, amò*' ('Here lies Henri Beyle, a Milanese: he lived, he wrote, he loved'"). This was practically what his testamentary executor, M. Colombe, had engraved over his tomb in the cemetery of Montmartre, and which disappeared in 1887.

Such, in brief, was Stendhal's life; a youth of unhappiness and repression, a disappointed and lonely old age, brightened only by the memories of a few brilliant but unproductive years at Milan. His writings, the sole fruits of a genius of no common order, had for the most part failed to secure even the "hundred readers" which was all that his modesty asked. He might well feel, in looking backward, that life had been a failure, and that for that failure he had no one but himself to thank, having always been his own worst enemy. Although warm-hearted and generous to a degree that insured him many loyal friends, he was apt to be suspicious, intolerant and self-opinionated, and often gave offence by his caustic tongue. George Sand, in an oft-cited passage of her *Histoire de ma Vie*, describing her meeting with him on the way to Italy, in 1833, depicts him as "affecting above all things a disdain of vanity, and searching to discover in every interlocutor some conceit which he could riddle with the running fire of his mockery. But," she added, with her wonted perspicuity, "I do not believe that he was malicious, for he took too much trouble to appear so." The fact is, that Stendhal, who was sensitive to a fault, was reluctant to have his real feelings suspected, and constantly gave a false impression by his efforts to hide them. "My sensibility has become too keen," he wrote two years before his death, "things which hardly touch other people cut me to the quick. Such I was in 1799, such I still am in 1840, but I have learned to conceal all that under an irony imperceptible to the vulgar." Sainte-Beuve, whom Paul Bourget has called "so perfectly unjust to the master novelist," marvelled to find that "Beyle, this sceptic, this redoubtable *frondeur*, was sensitive;" it remained for Bourget himself to show that this sensibility formed one of the keynotes to Stendhal's complex nature.

But, after all, the dominant characteristic of the man was his intense nervous energy. He was essentially a man of action, and loved force, not merely physical superiority, but, to quote his own whimsical comparison, "the kind of force of which an ant may show as much as an elephant." He was deeply stirred by any disinterested action, by any unreasoning and, it might be, unreasonable devotion to a person or cause; above all, he rejoiced in any action committed in pure defiance of conventionalities, despising public opinion and that level-headed common sense which stops to weigh the consequences. Even crime, in his eyes, is preferable to the tameness of mediocrity. "In France it is among the galley slaves that you find a reunion of the most singular men. They have that grand quality which the citizens lack—force of character;" and the same thought is expressed by Mlle. de La Mole in *Rouge et Noir*, after sentence was passed on her lover. "I see nothing but condemnation to death which distinguishes a man. It is the only thing which cannot be bought." An unlawful love, a vendetta, even a suicide, if prompted by genuine passion, aroused his enthusiasm. An excellent case in point is given in *Rome, Naples et Florence:*

> "A poor Corsican servant named Cosimo has lately scandalized all Florence. Hearing that his sister, whom he had not seen for twenty years, had been ruined among the Corsican mountains by a man between whose family and her own a feud existed, and finally had fled with her seducer, he put his master's affairs in the most perfect order, and going to a wood about a league away, blew his brains out. Matters which are accurately reasonable afford small scope for the fine arts. I esteem a wise republican of the United States, but I forget him forever in a few days; to me he is not a man, he is only a thing. But I shall never forget poor Cosimo."

This intolerance of all that was reasonable and commonplace necessarily influenced Stendhal's own conduct. It was, as René Doumic has pointed out in a recent study (*La Glorification de l'Énergie*), "the explanation of his aver

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sion for France, the country where social life is the most developed, where manners have reached the most insipid tameness." It underlay his devotion to Napoleon, and his consequent expatriation in 1814; and it prompted him, three years later, to defy public sentiment by dedicating his *Histoire de la Peinture* to "His Majesty Napoleon the Great, Emperor of the French, retained at Saint-Helena." The same mental attitude is apparent throughout his novels. In the *Chartreuse de Parme* the actions by which he seeks to vindicate the "superiority" of his characters are largely of a quixotic and irrational nature, such as Fabrice's ill-advised crusade to join the army of Napoleon, which in effect marred his prospects for life; Count Mosca's offer to resign his place as Prime Minister at a word from the Duchess Sanseverina; or the latter's needless and wholly disproportionate gift of a third of her property to reward a faithful but none too disinterested servant. Such are the episodes which appeal to Stendhal, and which he strives to impress upon the reader.

It is curious to find in a man of such restless energy a contemplative and analytic mind of rare power. He was a philosopher of the epicurean order, a disciple of Condillac, Destutt de Tracy, and of *Ideology*, an atheist complacent in his unbelief, declaring that "the only excuse for God was that He did not exist;" and lastly a devotee of psychological analysis, which constituted the essence of his power as a writer, but which in the daily relations of life was a positive detriment. It prevented him from meeting people frankly and taking them at their face value; he was always looking below the surface in search of possible ulterior motives, and consequently was often unhappy and sometimes unjust. At the same time, his habit of constant introspection weakened his powers of judgment. "I stopped too much to enjoy what I felt," he confessed. "I know so well the play of the passions that I am never sure of anything, because I see all possible alternatives." Jules Lemaitre, commenting on this passage, admirably sums him up as a "grand man of action, paralysed little by little by his incomparable analysis."

Frederic Taber Cooper.

(*To be continued.*)

IN APRIL.

The fields are lying ready and the rills run down;
The sky flushes youngly where the woods brush brown;
The hills await the stirring of a new, green birth,—
But hearken! What is throbbing in the old heart of Earth?

Oh, the waking of a morrow! The farewell of a sleep!
The Old is past forever, and a new tryst we keep!
A new tryst, a new hope; what was dreaming worth?—
But listen! Is there sobbing in the old heart of Earth?

Oh, the breath of bursting hedges, the promise everywhere!
The star above the sunset, and the bird-wing on the air!
Leap, soul, and mingle with the spring's mad mirth!—
Wait! Is memory thrilling in the great heart of Earth?

A hush of recollection for the old things dead;
A backwood look where once the royal, crimson crown was shed;
An upward gaze 'twixt budding boughs, with hand on mossy girth,—
And good-bye to what lies hidden in the deep heart of Earth!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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CLEOPATRA.

The dusky bosom of the sleeping Nile
Stirs to the soft caress of slender oars
That whisper through the rushes on the shores.
'Tis Cleopatra's music-freighted barge,
Slow-stealing mile on mile
Where lotus blossoms sway along the marge,
And to the languorous wooing of the gloom
Yield up their fleeting fragrance with a smile.
To the great stars, mist-magnified, that loom
From blue-black depths of wondrous southern skies,
Are raised the radiant, love-compelling eyes
Whose scorn has hurried hundreds to their doom,
And Cleopatra sighs.
O queen, what thought is this
That makes a portent of the night air's kiss?
The heaven itself is not so calm as thou;
But who can see the heaven's inner heart?
The ripples cleft apart
By the keen pressure of thy barge's prow
Hide not such cruel mysteries as now
Lie buried in the splendour of thine eyes.

In the far North the sullen gods of war
Stir in their sleep, grim, groping for the sword,
And stately Rome from valley, hill, and shore
Sees her stern sons at duty's call arise,
Sees their best blood at battle's altars poured.
Ten thousand men shall pass beyond the veil
Because one man deemed honour less than love.
O Cleopatra, do the stars above
Not whisper what should make thee shrink and quail?
The proudest galleys Rome can boast
Shall sink beneath the Adriatic's waves,
The bravest hearts in all the Roman host
Shall reel and plunge to weed-encircled graves;
The lightest kiss that hangs upon thy breath,
The veriest whisper Antony hath heard,
More potent than the cloud-controller's word,
Make land and sea the harvest fields of death!

Then the enfleeced and wonder-working East
Wakens wide-eyed and pulses to the tread
Of morning's legions, heralding the sun;
And Cleopatra from her sliding barge
Smiles, for the light's shafts run
Unerring to the targe
Of the gray west and put the stars to flight,
Stilling the giant portents of the night.

Yet is the voice of prophecy not dead—
O Cleopatra, see, the dawn is red!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

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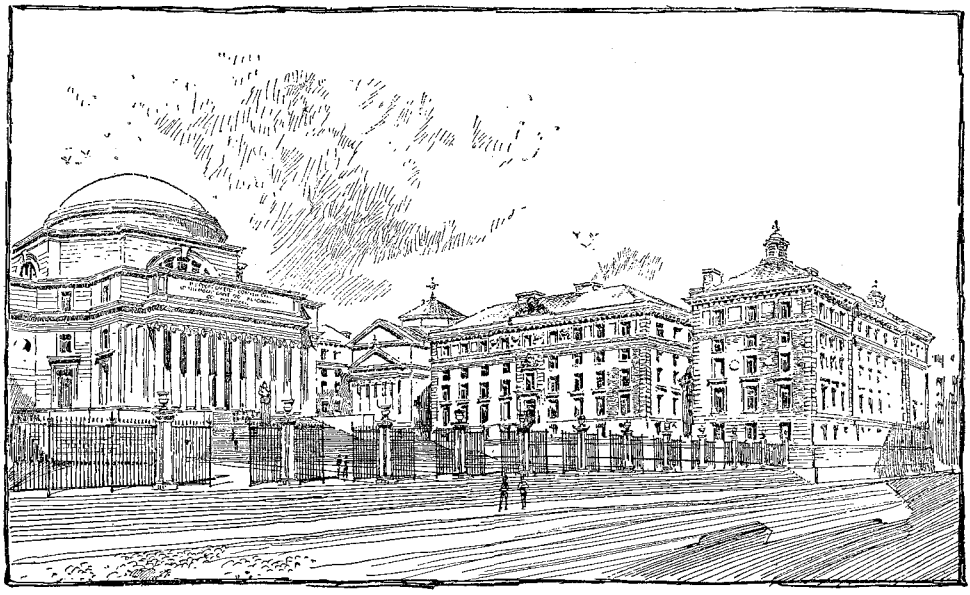

THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

COLUMBIA'S COMING CELEBRATION.

The second of May will mark an epoch in the career of New York's historic university. On that day the possession of its new home will be celebrated with appropriate and impressive exercises, and three of its splendid halls will receive a formal dedication. But the ceremony will mean much more to its alumni and to the community at large than a mere change of situation. It is the outward and visible sign of a great expansion, a great development that has been going on silently for a whole decade and that is fraught with a deep significance not only to the city in which it happens to occur, but to the nation as a whole. As yet the number of American institutions that rightly bear the name of university is a very small one—wholly disproportionate to the population, the material resources, and the general intelligence of the people ; and when a seat of learning passes, as Columbia has done, out from the ranks of the old-time colleges, with their limited aims, their restricted opportunities, and their purely gymnasial equipment, to take its place unchallenged among the great universities of the world, the event is one of no merely local importance, but forms a chapter of enduring importance in the educational history of the Republic.

It is little more than a month ago that Columbia chose to avail herself of legislative permission long ago accorded her, and officially assumed the style and title of Columbia University. There is something fine, something impressive, in the proud restraint that led her governing body to wait in patience through so many years for the moment to arrive for the assumption of a name whose fitness none to-day can question. While younger institutions, with true American optimism, have, even in their infancy, anticipated the future and grasped at the full honours of academic fame, this historic seat of learning, whose foundations were laid when New York was still a province of the English Crown, and with a charter first given by the second of the Georges, has been content to bide her time, confident of the future, but not seeking to forestall it, moving on through all the vicissitudes of governmental change and restricted means, keeping steadily before her only one ideal, the ideal of sound scholarship and high culture, satisfied for the time if all the work upon which she put her seal were good and perfect of its kind, and with the patience of one whose instinct inspires an unshaken hopefulness. Her records show the names of men eminent in Church and State and in the annals of American learning, but perhaps her

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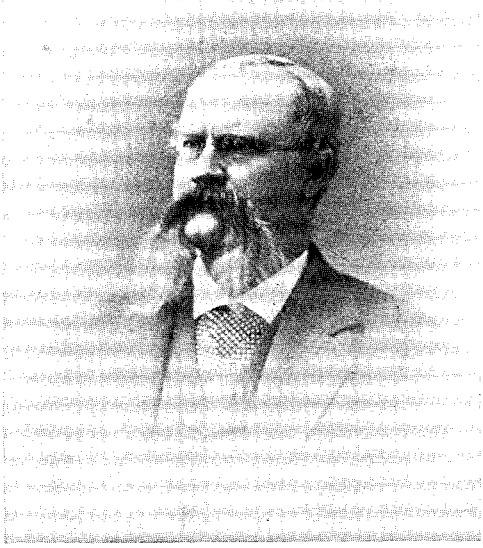
greatest gift to our educational history is found in the serenity and restraint with which, in a land of feverish impatience and superficial achievement, this great college has gone on its way, refusing to be hurried, but laying its foundations strong and deep, and standing always for all that is best in the loftier walks of learning.

And now Columbia is entering into its reward. With an organisation that has been worked out upon the basis of its own experience and the experience of its sister institutions; with its six great university faculties grouped about the historic college and perfectly equipped for the highest scientific work; with a splendid enthusiasm animating alike its alumni and its teaching body; enriched by the generosity of munificent benefactors, and closely allied with other great homes of learning in an academic federation; it now moves forward and takes to itself as its undisputed right all the stately symbols of academic greatness. Its past and its present alike must cause a thrill of pride in those who love it, and its future of unlimited opportunity must be an illumining and inspiring influence upon the whole intellectual history of the nation.

Photograph by Pach.

PRESIDENT LOW.

The exercises of the day of dedication are to be at once simple and imposing.



Photograph by Pach.

DEAN VAN AMRINGE.

PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD.

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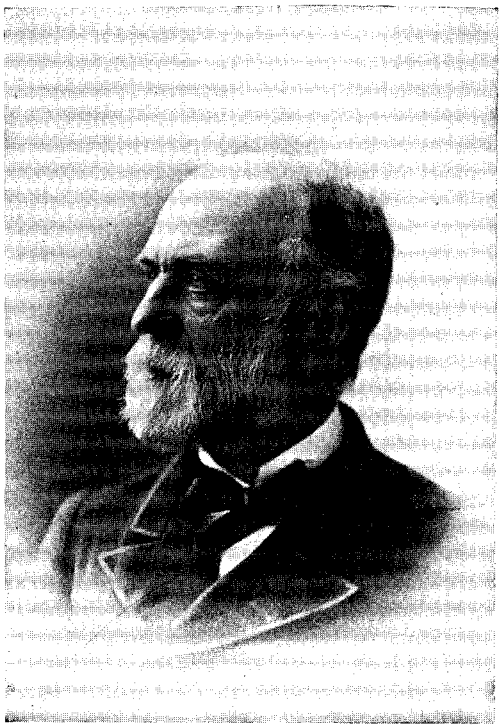
In the morning the Trustees and Faculties will assemble in the South Hall, and the Alumni in the West Hall, and will proceed thence with the President to the new Building of Physical Science, where the dedication service will be celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, the corner-stone being laid by the Professor of Physics, Dr. Rood, and an address delivered by the Dean of the College, Professor Van Amringe. Following this, the dedication of Schermerhorn Hall will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Dix, the corner-stone laid by the giver of the building, Mr. W. C. Schermerhorn, M.A., and an address made by the Da Costa Professor of Zoology, Dr. Osborn. Then, after luncheon, the President and Trustees, with the Faculties in academic robes, the Alumni, and the whole body of undergraduates, will march in procession to the great South Court, where, after prayer by the Rev. Dr. Coe, the President of the University will deliver an address. The Lafayette Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, escorted by the Seventy-first Regiment of Infantry (National Guard), will next present the national colours to the University, a full chorus singing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. After the acceptance of the flag by the President, the following Dedication Ode, written for the occasion by Professor Harry Thurston Peck, will be sung by the whole body of the undergraduates, led by a picked chorus of male voices :

PROFESSOR HARRY THURSTON PECK.



THE HON. A. S. HEWITT.

CARMEN DEDICATIONIS.

CARMEN, O MATER, QUATIENTE MENTEM
CORDE ET IN MAGNO IUVENUM SENUMQUE
GAUDIO, CANTARE TIBI SONORUM
POSCIMUR OMNES.

TE FREQUENS CINGIT IUVENUM CORONA,
OBVIA ET PORTIS HILARIS CATERVA,
HANC IN AETERNUM DECORAMUS AEDEM
CARMINE NOSTRO.

HIC NOVO LUCEBIS AMORE SEMPER
GLORIAM EXAUGENS STUDIO TUORUM,
HIC VIRÛM CLARORUM ANIMO RECORDANS
ALMA VIREBIS.

CRESCAT O SEMPER NOVA CRESCAT AETAS!
LAETA SIC OMNIS FLUET HORA, MATER,
LAETA IAM NATIS ET IN OMNE TEMPUS
LAETA FUTURIS.

The oration of the day will then be delivered by the Hon. A. S. Hewitt,

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LL.D., followed by an address by President Eliot, of Harvard University, the whole concluding with the benediction pronounced by the Right Reverend the Bishop of New York. The afternoon exercises centre especially about the dedication of the magnificent new structure intended for the University Library, the gift of President Low, and rightly viewed as the heart of the architectural system of the whole University, as it is also the centre of its work and of its multiplied research and investigation.

COUNT TOLSTOY AND GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

I am rather surprised that the writer of the very appreciative and satisfactory review of Gabriele d'Annunzio's novels, in THE BOOKMAN for March, has not perceived, or if he has perceived, has not mentioned, one of the most striking points about that author's *Trionfo della Morte*. He does go so far as to say that the Italian owes much to the Russian novelists, and it seems, for a moment, as though he were on the verge of putting his finger upon a very startling fact. However, he turns away from the verge at its dizziest moment. Therefore I permit myself to present the subject to THE BOOKMAN'S readers.

In *The Kreutzer Sonata* Count Tolstoy failed in both art and logic. Worse still, perhaps, he failed to convince. From his standpoint, that is the most serious failure of all. From the same text D'Annunzio has preached a powerful sermon, tremendous in art, in logic, in power of conviction. I do not say that it is translatable. It is even less so than Count Tolstoy's exhortation. The matter has lain in my mind for months, and I have not made it public, because I still doubt the general expediency of such literature. But now that the French are printing translations (how full or perfect they may be I cannot say), and THE BOOKMAN is calling the attention of American readers to this gifted Italian's works, I may as well speak out and humbly point the moral: adorn the tale I could not.

The text of both novelists is, in brief: sensual satiety leads to hatred and murder of the temptress. Count Tolstoy narrowed his text down to impossible limits; practically, what he maintained and tried to prove was, that sensual satiety is the *sole* cause of murder, not only in the case of his hero, Pozdnitcheff, in particular, but in the case of all married people or lovers in general. Did he prove that? Certainly not. Pozdnitcheff was madly jealous with precisely the same unreasoning, selfish, brutal jealousy which induces a man to kill the girl who refuses to marry him. From one to three affairs of that sort can be gleaned almost any day in the week from almost any American newspaper. Generally they occur in the lower classes of society, though that is not invariably the case. Still, that fact is sufficiently frequent and prominent to warrant me in hazarding the suggestion that the cause lies in a lack of cultivation of the whole moral nature, not in passion alone, which is shared by all classes. That is a truism. So is the statement that the moral natures of the upper social classes are not always cultivated to the pitch of perfection aimed at by either Church, in her exhortations, or State, in her statutes. That would seem to dispose, finally, of Count Tolstoy's logic.

How about his art? He sets out to describe a straight line; but he soon splits his argument in two, and the result is that the desired proof lies midway between the prongs of the pitchfork-shaped figure which he eventually evolves. In other words, the proof is there, but it is entirely out of the reach of either prong, and accordingly—third count in my indictment—he fails to so much as touch it, and so fails to convince. His argument, in general, begins with the idea that a man's true wife is his first innamorata, and that he ought to marry her at any cost. Then all would be well. Perhaps it would; the chances are that it wouldn't, fair as the proposition appears on the face of it when presented in moral guise. But

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what if he did marry her? Unless he reforms his moral instincts, the result will be the same, by which I do not by any means intend to imply that it would be murder. That would depend on circumstances. I might just as well undertake to maintain that murder is the inevitable outcome of every marriage; therefore no one should marry. It is much easier to prove the direct contrary of Count Tolstoy's proposition from his own premises than it is for him to prove his point. In fact, he does not do it, because the premises were defective. He could not have proved it had he proceeded unswervingly on that line. But that is exactly what he does not do. Before long he inserts another factor in the shape of Pozdnitcheff's marriage, and immediately tries to carry on simultaneously two diverging lines of argument—namely: First, that every man ought to marry, and to marry his first innamorata; secondly, that marriage is the cause of all satiety, hence the cause of all murder.

I need not enter into the subject with any further detail. Any one can pursue these suggested trains of reasoning to their legitimate conclusions, which will be miles apart, morally, artistically, and as instruments of mental and spiritual conviction. He will then understand why that book did not persuade, and therefore why it was a futility to those who understood the subject experimentally, and a superfluous horror to those who did not understand or wish to understand it experimentally.

Now for Gabriele d'Annunzio's book. The *leit-motif*, as your reviewer justly remarks, is a prominent and forceful feature; it is, as thus handled, an innovation of the highest art. One of the hero's relatives has committed suicide. The hero, who is, evidently, morbid by inheritance, becomes so saturated with the "atmosphere"—to use a general term for a subtlety which is hardly to be expressed—of his relative's semi-haunted room and wholly haunting personality, that he reverts to it whenever his physical, mental, and moral vitality are at the ebb. Again and again, like the refrain of a song by gnomes, this scene, this crazing memory and its associated fantasies recur to his mind. This insistence affects the reader into a gradual but absolutely perfect comprehension of the situation; the man; his ever-waxing disgust at himself and the woman; his attempts to conquer himself and this obsession of suicide which assails him more and more frequently; his irresistible impulse at the last to kill her and himself. But how does D'Annunzio accomplish this feat of art? Certainly not by splitting his text half way through the sermon, and trying to compass both ends and the space between like a new Colossus of Rhodes. The hero and his mistress stand out in terrific relief. There is no question of complicating the situation with a marriage; she is married already. The problem is the pure and simple one which anarchists and too many others are forever holding up to admiration as the solution of all our present difficulties. Or it is tantamount to that. They can part when they like; they mean never to part at all; but sensuality does its inevitable work. We see it, we feel it, we are convinced of it, once and forever, though we may never have known the practical meaning of the word. We see the man come, gradually, gradually to loathe the woman who has wronged him, as he selfishly maintains, but ever returning to her, in his degenerate, decayed will-power and desperation, his reasoning capacity blunted until he cannot see that he is in the least to blame. Then, logically, he *must* kill her. She has ruined his mind and soul, he hates himself, he hates her, he is debased for life. And so the end comes, as irresistible, as just, as true as the catastrophe of an ancient Greek tragedy. The art with which this overwhelming conviction, this absolute proof that sensuality is the cradle of crime, is wrought out is indescribable. The colours and shades and gradations of phrase, of every word, are beyond description or transference to another language. The book is extremely disagreeable; but I return again to my assertion; it proves its proposition. Therefore, if we must have exceedingly disagreeable books, let us have those which convince us of sin; not those which merely arouse morbid curiosity, take the bloom off the mind to no purpose, and almost irrevocably confuse our standards of right and our reasoning faculties to our undoing.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

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A CURIOUS RELIC OF THE BROWNING FAMILY.

"Ah! what has kept you? You've been with Frank Martin again. I told you never to be seen in that fellow's company."

Readers of Mrs. Ritchie's *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning* will remember that the writer refers to the remarkable drawings by Browning's father, which she saw as a child in Paris. "We used to look with a certain mingled terror and fascination at various pages of grim heads drawn in black and red chalk, something in the manner of Fuseli. Masks and faces were depicted, crowding together with malevolent or agonised or terrific expressions. There were the suggestions of a hundred weird stories on the pages at which one gazed with creeping alarm. These pictures were all drawn by a kind and most gentle neighbour of ours"—Mr. Robert Browning, the father of the poet. We have recently had the opportunity of examining a most curious scrap-book, filled with these drawings of which Mrs. Ritchie speaks. They are the property of a lady who received them from a godson of Mr. Browning the poet, and their authenticity is undoubted.

There is, first of all, a series of some forty heads, which are supposed to represent the various tellers of and listeners to a ghost-story. The extraordinary variety of expressions, the saturnine humour, melancholy, cunning, fear, and the hundred other emotions depicted on the faces, remind one of nothing so much as Browning's own great human gallery. To a student of Browning these drawings by his father are of singular interest, for they illustrate in a very striking way the workings of the law of heredity. The quiet

"Why, I was afraid of coming over the commons 'cause as how they say a ghost walks there every evening."

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South London resident and member of York Chapel, Walworth, had an eye for faces not less keen than his son's. One can even detect some Walworth types in his grotesque men and women. Many of the faces, however, are hardly human, but more like grinning and monstrous gargoyles. Under each head there is an inscription. The belated ghost-seer is accosted as he comes in by a stern-visaged man with protruding underlip, and by an old woman in a mob-cap. "And pray, young man, what has kept you so late? You went out from here at five and now you return at eleven—what has kept you?" The frightened-looking youth comes next with the answer, "Why, I was afraid of coming over the commons 'cause as how they says a ghost walks there every evening." The story goes on amid a series of interruptions and cross-questions, each new personage interpolating a remark which prevents the last speaker from proceeding. One of the funniest faces is that of a jovial rustic in a cloth cap, with black wisps of hair straying over his forehead. "Why," he says, "it's the Parson's ghost—he walks every night. You may see him every night about nine o'clock, if you look out for him." Opposite him is another old lady in a cap, whose lips are pursed up indignantly as she sniffs out: "Old woman, indeed!!! I suppose you allude to Mrs. Muggins. I know she thinks there are such things." The company contains believers and unbelievers, and the different types are hit off with delicious fun. The broad, round face of the man who thinks the ghost had probably a straw bonnet on, and was none other than the miller's daughter, contrasts amusingly with the lantern-visaged man who asks in sepulchral tones, "Did you ever hear of old Matthews, who saw the ghost of the murdered *chimney-sweeper?*" and he again is damped down by the mere sceptic, who carries on the sentence thus: "which turned out to be a black cat—why, the chimney-sweeper's alive at this day; but what's this story about the parson?" "Do give us a date," cries a gap-toothed listener. "A story should no more be without a date than a Bill of

"Oh, there's a ghost in the story, is there? I'm afraid, young gentleman, this will end differently from what you think for."

"Why, it's the Parson's ghost; he walks every night; you may see him every night about nine o'clock if you'll look out for him."

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"Well, we can hear it once more; when a man tells a story 150 times he generally gets to believe it himself."

Exchange." Gradually we get mixed up with several ghost-stories. The people who are eager that the story-tellers shall proceed, keep saying, "Hush, hush," or "Silence, silence," till a Rabelaisian fellow calls out that "when a man wants to have a row, the best thing he can do is to cry out, Silence! silence!" "But before you go on," says another, "is it about the Old Fisherman? for if it is, we've heard it repeated over and over again, at least 150 times." The forty characters include the man who "likes those stories that end in a happy marriage;" his neighbour—a Marat-like head—who prefers "those that end in bringing the offender to justice and a public execution;" the gossips who interrupt to complain of interruptions; and the thin-lipped gentleman who "never likes to give an opinion on any subject till I have first turned it over in my mind and viewed it under every possible circumstance." Last of all, "Says one to the other and the other to one, I think we've had quite enough of story-telling to-night. Did I ever tell you, gentlemen, what a fine parcel of red herrings I made a purchase of yesterday?"

The handwriting of the inscriptions is very clear and legible, though the ink is naturally somewhat faded. The penmanship bears a certain resemblance to the poet's. The old scrap-book further contains a good many pencil drawings byMr. Browning, senior, much less well preserved. Some of these represent scenes in the law courts, where the criminals and counsel are equally witty. The London of the thirties (one of the drawings is dated 1838) comes back in some of the queer coster types. "I say, you sir, how did you come by that ere bulldog?" "Vy, I come by him honest—besides, vot's that to you?" "'Cause vy, Dick the butcher's lost his'n, and I think as 'ow yourn's his'n." There is only one political drawing in the entire series. It shows a solemn and hideous-looking orator uttering the words, "Ireland is an Aceldama!" Some hint of local colour is conveyed in the inscription: "What! haven't you heard, Mrs. Fuggins? The dreadful ghost that haunts Peckham and Camberwell."

We may say in closing that several of the drawings are signed "R. B.," and that they are all unmistakably by the same hand.

"Well, I never listened to a ghost story in my life that I did not wish sincerely to believe in it. It's that that gives it the interest. But we hinder the gentleman; go on, sir."

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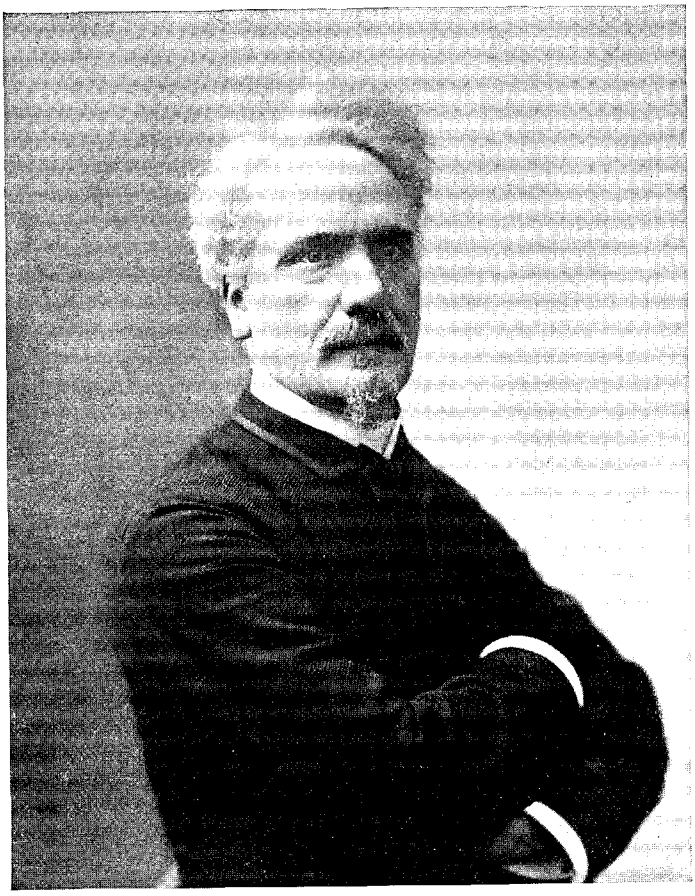
HENRI ROCHEFORT'S MEMOIRS.



HENRI ROCHEFORT.

The first volume of Henri Rochefort's memoirs have just been published in Paris under the title *Les Aventures de ma Vie*, and when the whole five volumes are completed, a special English edition, edited for English readers by the author, will be published in two volumes by Edward Arnold of London and New York.

It is given to few men to encounter all that Rochefort has gone through in his lifetime, to meet so many famous personages, to confront the same dangers and come out unscathed, and to have figured so prominently in contemporaneous history. He is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men of this century. Belonging to a noble family which owed originally its title to the French crown, he is the avowed enemy of all kings and princes, and, it would seem, of every form of government; for he displays in *l'Intransigeant*, the newspaper he now controls, the same fierce hatred toward the Third Republic that a quarter of a century ago he displayed in his famous pamphlet, *La Lanterne*, toward the Third Napoleon. During the brief period of the Commune the belligerent journalist was a leader among the sanguinary fiends who attempted to destroy beautiful Paris, and, more recently, when General Boulanger essayed his serio-comic *coup d'état*, Rochefort constituted himself his most staunch supporter, not because he was in sympathy with the general's ambitions, but because he was glad of the opportunity to attack the existing ministry, and also because he is never tired of the fray. These glaring inconsistencies in his public career render it difficult, therefore, to determine exactly what Rochefort's political convictions are. Perhaps he has none. On the other hand, he is an unusually gifted man. He is a brilliant writer and a keen art critic. He has attempted during his lifetime almost everything a man can do. He has written novels, produced plays, won some repute as a sculptor, sat in Parliament, carried arms against the State, worn the convict's stripes, heard his own death sentence pronounced, made thrilling escapes from fortresses and prisons, and spent long years in exile. Such a one should have an interesting story to tell, and these reminiscences will certainly not disappoint the reader. They are written in

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the same entertaining style which contributed so largely to make Vandam's book, *An Englishman in Paris*, so successful; and Rochefort's recollections have the additional and very important merit of being genuine.

The volume opens with some very interesting particulars concerning his grandparents, who were victims of the great Revolution. His grandfather—the Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay—took refuge at Coblentz with all the other emigrant nobles, but foreseeing the years of exile that would follow, he sold all his property before leaving the country, and, being a great spendthrift, he returned to France in 1815 a beggar. His grandmother lay hidden in Paris, always hoping that "the troubles" would soon end, but toward the end of 1792 she was arrested and sent to the Conciergerie, where a little later she was joined by Mme. du Barry, the notorious mistress of Louis XV. Regarding this woman, Rochefort writes:

"In 1793, a few days before her incarceration, the du Barry woman was still receiving from the State a pension of 10,000 livres which Louis XVI. had granted her. She was arrested, not, as has been said, owing to a trap laid by the negro Zamore, but for having stupidly attracted attention to herself by her unreasonable and incessant demands upon the Treasury, which, at the time of her power, she had completely depleted. On entering the prison the old hag seemed to have forgotten all the aristocratic manners which she had acquired in associating with persons of quality. The common woman of the street reappeared completely directly she found herself between the four walls of the prison in which, no doubt, she was often confined in her youth. My grandmother often used to tell us how surprised she was at the coarseness, gross ignorance, and animal stupidity of this woman, who had filled France and all Europe with her name and reputation for beauty. She was then nearly fifty and was enormously fat, and looked very much more like a prosperous fishwoman than a once-time royal favorite. Totally unconscious of the danger she ran, she made almost a royal entrance among the other women confined there, and many of whom had paid homage to her under Louis XV. She thought that by the judicious distribution of some of her jewels among the members of the Committee of Public Safety she was sure of speedy deliverance. She spent all her days writing the most absurd letters to the leading men of the Revolution, promising to tell them where she had concealed her jewels if they would release her. They never replied, and she carried the secret of her hiding-place to the tomb. However, she told my grandmother that a large casket, containing, among other precious jewels, a portrait in miniature of Marie Antoinette, magnificently set in diamonds, which the queen had presented to her, was buried in the Parc de Louveciennes, where presumably it is to-day."

This grandparent also throws a new light on Marie Antoinette's execution, at which she was present. The historians relate that the queen went proudly to the scaffold, and maintained such self-possession that she apologised to the executioner for having accidentally trodden on his foot. Here is Rochefort's account:

"This is the purest fiction, and was only invented to create sympathy for the victim and to show her goodness of heart. My grandmother, who was close by when the tragedy took place and could see the unhappy woman's every movement, assured me that she was carried on the scaffold in almost a fainting condition by the executioner's assistants, and that she was unconscious when they placed her under the knife. No dialogue, long or short, took place between her and the executioner, and even if she had touched his foot, she was not in a condition to notice it. The crowd around the scaffold was extremely apathetic. Immediately after the execution a young man climbed up the staircase of the scaffold and soaked in her blood a handkerchief, which he immediately hid in his bosom. He then disappeared, before anybody thought of stopping him to ask whether his act was hostile or sympathetic."

Rochefort thinks that Louis XVI. was much more deserving of pity than Marie Antoinette. He claims that, following the example of her mother, Marie Therese, the queen was a very vicious woman, immoral and extravagant. He declares that the historic scandal of the Queen's Necklace was only the natural consequence of Marie Antoinette's love for vicious pleasures. His grandfather was very friendly with the Marquis D'Autechamp, who, at the court of Louis XVI., was called the *beau* D'Autichamp. This young officer was one of Marie Antoinette's favourites, and it was in him she confided when the terrible scandal came to light which suddenly revealed the Queen of France accepting money from a cardinal.

"It is difficult to conceive, yet it is absolutely true that when the Queen could not persuade her husband, Louis XVI., to buy her the necklace costing 16,000 livres, she went to the Cardinal de Rohan, who used to boast of being unable to live without an income of 2,000,000 francs a year, and of possessing charms that no woman could resist. The comedy of the rose presented to the Cardinal by a young woman whom the Cardinal took for the Queen, was a plot arranged between Cagliostro, Mme. de Lamotte and Marie Antoinette, and Cagliostro undertook to find an accommodating girl, which he did in the person of Mlle. Oliva. A mock trial for high treason followed, and the principals received severe sentences, which, of course, they never had to undergo. Mlle. Oliva was allowed to retire to the country with a good sum of money, and Mme. de Lamotte escaped in broad day-

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light from the Salpetrière, taking with her several of the diamonds which the Queen had given her."

During the Restoration, Rochefort's father became governor of one of the French colonies, and while holding this post he met some of the officers who had been stationed at St. Helena during the time of Napoleon's imprisonment there.

"Napoleon, my father used to tell me, was by no means the heroic and impassive Jugurtha who, captured by the Romans, dies of hunger without uttering a complaint. The Corsican went from the most haughty demands to the most disgraceful humbleness. Everybody in St. Helena was stupefied on receiving from Napoleon a letter of condolence which he desired to be sent to Louis XVIII. when the Duc de Berry died. This man, who had assassinated the Duc d'Enghien, the king's cousin, and who expressed to the king indignation and sorrow at the assassination of another nephew, could hardly inspire his enemies with anything but disdain. And this contempt was accentuated when, at the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, Napoleon sent his congratulations on the happy event which assured henceforth the throne to the Bourbon dynasty. It is possible that these acts of abject politeness concealed the hope of softening the severity of the allied powers toward him. He imagined until the last moment that St. Helena had only been chosen as a temporary place of exile, and that before long he would be permitted to choose between several places of residence, either in Europe or America."

Rochefort says that it was only through the merest accident that he is not to-day the proprietor of the famous Venus de Milo. One of his aunts married a widower, whose first wife was the sister of the Duc de Rivière, who was condemned to death under the Consulate and later sent by Louis XVIII. as ambassador to Constantinople. There he was lucky enough to purchase for a trifle the famous statue, which he offered to the king, who in turn presented it to the Louvre.

"Admiral Dumont-D'Urville, who first saw the statue, states that at that time her two arms were intact. One hand held an apple, and the other raised her drapery probably to show her ankle to Paris. The statue was discovered about a hundred yards from a temple evidently consecrated to Venus, and the front of which it decorated."

The journalist's father was a well-known writer of vaudevilles, and Rochefort says that when a boy he used to be surprised at the number of persons who came to the house and were closeted with his father for hours, all the time carrying on a most noisy discussion.

"I learned later that these noisy people were collaborators, who came to discuss the important question whether in the third act it were better to have the heroine make her exit at the left or at the right."

He was quite a child when he saw for the first time Adolf D'Ennery, the celebrated author of the drama *The Two Orphans*, and he relates an interesting anecdote concerning the playwright's first success:

"One day, almost at the beginning of his literary career, D'Ennery was strolling along the Boulevards when he suddenly came across the manager of the Gaiety Theatre, who accosted him abruptly as follows: 'My big spectacular production, on which I'm spending a small fortune, can't be got ready before six weeks. The piece I'm doing now isn't making a sou. Will you do me a service? Knock me together in eight days a bloodcurdling melodrama. I'll put it in immediate rehearsal. Unfortunately I shan't be able to play it more than three weeks.' D'Ennery was very glad of this opportunity, and began to seek for a subject. By accident he heard a street organ grinding out the air of the *Grâce de Dieu*, which at that time was exceedingly popular. It struck the dramatist that he could make a play of the pathetic song, and eight days later his drama, the *Grâce de Dieu*, was read to the actors. The drama was performed five hundred consecutive times, and was such a success that the production of the grand spectacular piece on which the director had spent a small fortune was postponed for two years. The *Grâce de Dieu* was the starting-point of D'Ennery's great success as a dramatic author. Although D Ennery is such a skilful manipulator of tears, the man is entirely unlike his work. He is exceedingly gay and witty. Once he pointed to a bust of Molière which was on the mantelpiece, and said: 'I'm sure I don't know why I have that gentleman in my house. It's owing to him that people don't like my plays.'"

Rochefort's *débuts* in journalism were made as dramatic and musical critic of an obscure theatrical sheet. The young man knew little about the theatre and less about music. The editor of the paper told him he could not afford to pay a salary, but promised to give him plenty of theatre tickets. Rochefort was young, and he found everything perfect. Every play was a masterpiece and every actor and every singer a genius. It was only later, when he discovered that the proprietor of the paper was making a habit of visiting each of the artists he praised and squeezing money out of them for his eulogistic notices, that he resigned his position with disgust.

Later, he succeeded in getting a one-act play of his accepted for production at one of the Boulevard theatres, and this led to an amusing incident. The manager of the theatre, an old man, was very jealous of his wife, whom he sus-

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pected of flirting with a certain doctor. Says Rochefort :

"One day I received a letter from the manager in which he called me his 'dear boy,' and asked me to call, saying he had something important to tell me. I nearly fainted with joy. I at once saw myself a prominent playwright, writing plays in three and four acts, and having them produced in splendid style. I arrived breathless at his office. He made me sit down, and then he said : 'I am convinced that you have dramatic talent, and I believe that you could carry out another play, the subject of which I will furnish., We'll work on it together, but you mustn't tell any one that I'm in it, and you shall have all the royalties.' My eyes were as big as saucers. He went on, 'This is what I propose : Let us take some business man who is devotedly fond of his wife. An imbecile lawyer or doctor (I prefer a doctor) makes love to her. But at the moment he tries to enter her room with a stolen key, the husband, warned by his wife, would suddenly appear from behind the door and go for him with a stick. There's material there for a good three-act play.' I was utterly disgusted. I didn't dare offend him by trying to prove that you couldn't make a three-act play with a husband running after a lover with a stick. Besides the manager was bent upon this scenario, and wouldn't accept any other. He was chuckling to himself at the idea of seeing his hated rival's face on seeing the piece performed. I told him I'd think the matter over and bowed myself out. I learnt later that he had asked every other playwright in town before he asked me."

Rochefort has some very interesting recollections of his own concerning the first announcement of the marriage of Napoleon III. to Mlle. Eugénie de Montijo.

"In France, where habit is apt to become second or even first nature, an Empress is always an Empress. But I well remember the explosions of incredulity with which the first rumors of the marriage were received, and the indignant stupefaction when the news was officially confirmed. The official proclamation of the wedding caused a fall in stocks at the Bourse of several francs. The aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain was furious at what they declared an insult done to the old French families, and the members of the Imperial family, the Princess Mathilde and others, were particularly exasperated. It was they who started all the scandalous stories of the Emperor's bride. Napoleon had also the bad taste to insert in his matrimonial announcement this phrase, 'I am about to marry a woman whom I love and whom I respect.' Just as if a man could ever be cynical enough to confess that he was about to marry a woman whom he didn't respect! It was as if he said directly to the French people : 'Possibly you don't respect her ; but I do.' Just before the Emperor led his bride to the altar he made in public this remark : 'She will have the virtues of Josephine.' Now, the goings on of Josephine before, during, and after her marriage with the first Napoleon had been so notoriously scandalous that her grandson could not have been ignorant of her true character. In 1870, when I was sent as member of the Government of the National Defence to the Tuileries to seize the Emperor's papers, I found a letter from Josephine to Barras's secretary. It ran as follows : 'Tell Barras that I shan't be able to take supper with him this evening. Bonaparte comes back tonight.' This compromising note had been carefully preserved by Napoleon III. in one of the drawers of his desk. On it he had written in his own hand : 'Keep this.' Josephine was not only Barras's mistress, but she was an accomplice of a band of robbers who swindled the French Government out of millions of francs under the pretence of furnishing food and clothes to the French army. It has been proved that she influenced the placing of contracts, and that she received large commissions for so doing. Such was this Josephine whose 'virtues' Mlle. Montijo was to imitate. I'm inclined to think that she did imitate Josephine very faithfully, because during the Franco-German war in 1870 the soldiers at Sedan were furnished with the same cardboard shoe as the defenders of Genoa in 1799."

Rochefort's parents had no great opinion of his literary ability when he was a young man, for he was known at home as the "idiot." A gentleman who had procured Rochefort with a position on the staff of the *Charivari* went to the young man's mother to tell her the good news.

"'Oh, what have you done, sir!' exclaimed my mother and sisters. 'Henri is absolutely incapable of writing in such a journal as the *Charivari*. They won't keep him three days. Oh, the poor, wretched boy, what madness can have taken him now!' When my friend told me this I was beside myself with rage and mortification. But I sat down to write my first article, sent it to the paper, and passed twelve hours of agony waiting to see it in print. The next day my *chronique* occupied the first page of the journal, and I couldn't eat all day from excitement."

One of Rochefort's first duties on the *Charivari* was to invent legends for pictures and cartoons drawn by Daumier.

"The artist often turned in his pictures without having himself the slightest idea what he meant to represent, and I had to break my head to make the text fit intelligently. For that work I received five francs. In those days, if any one had predicted that a day would come when a writer of one short article a day would earn as much as 2000 francs a month, he would be set down as a visionary and illusionist. Later, when I joined the *Figaro* staff, and it got abroad among the Boulevard cafés that my articles were paid 120 francs each, the crowd stood for hours in the street waiting to see me come out of the office. The *Charivari* paid two cents a line, but as each writer was limited to one hundred lines, this made it impossible for us to earn more than 10 francs a day."

To illustrate the despotism of the third Napoleon's government, Rochefort cites the following :

"One day in the *Figaro* I had permitted myself to criticise a recent and disastrous 'restoration' of Raphael's picture 'St. Michael,' which

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had been made at the Louvre by the orders of M. Nieuwerkerke, one of the functionaries of the Ministry of the Fine Arts, and allied by marriage to the Imperial family. For this article I was summoned to the police court on the charge of 'insult to a public official in the exercise of his functions.' Because I had complained of damage done to a picture which belonged to me as a tax-payer quite as much as it did to M. de N——, I was exposed to a penalty which might be three years' imprisonment. My editor-in chief, Louis Huart, who was always very timid, was very much shocked when he heard of the summons. He at once advised me to go and make the most abject apologies to the Imperial superintendent. I refused, saying that my repentance would not give back to the 'St. Michael' what an improper cleaning had taken from it. So the matter followed its course. By great luck the magistrate before whom I was summoned agreed with my criticism. He possessed an art collection himself, and declared himself as indignant as I was at the mutilations made on our masterpieces. Unfortunately the whole case did not depend on him, and it was very improbable that I should have got the better of M de N——. I was packing up my trunks to go to prison when unlooked-for help arrived from the Institute. Ingres, who lived and had his studio there, wrote me to come and see him. When I arrived he was still in bed. He pointed to an old engraving of the massacred picture which was on the wall. 'I've been told,' he said, 'that these vandals are prosecuting you for having told the truth. I told them the same thing before you did, but they did not dare to prosecute me. If you need my testimony you can subpœna me, and then we'll see if the judges will have the infamy to condemn you after they've heard me.' I thanked him with effusion for the powerful support he offered me, and waited for the case to come on without misgivings. But the matter was dropped. M. de N—— had probably been informed of Ingres's intentions, and had thought it better to save his reputation as a picture cleaner by beating a retreat."

Rochefort expresses himself very vigorously on the subject of war.

"The war against Austria, undertaken with the object of emancipating the Italians by a man who held the French in bondage, left no impression on me. I only remember the coming home of the troops and the bombastic phrase of Louis Bonaparte: 'France is the only nation which makes war for an idea.' This is absurd. Nations never make war, but governments do, which is not always the same thing, and sometimes it is quite the contrary. I never took any interest in battles, all of which seem alike to me. If you receive more bombs on the head than your enemy you are beaten; if the enemy receives more bombs than you he is beaten. It's a virtue in war to get killed, and it's a sign of luck when one isn't killed, but as the intellectual or moral quality of the person killed has nothing to do with the result, I've never been able to take much interest in warlike operations, most of which are surgical. The only fighting by force of arms that has ever been able to move me or excite my enthusiasm is the struggle of the weak against the strong, or of an oppressed people against its despots. So it can be imagined how enthusiastic I grew when one fine night in May, 1860, the news came to Paris that Garibaldi, at the head of 1000 men, had raised the standard of revolt in Sicily. Apropos of Garibaldi, there is a very funny story, in which the elder Dumas was mixed up. The great novelist was, as every one knows, very eccentric, and about that time he was very much in love with a little chorus girl, whom he dressed up as a sailor. He also had a steam yacht, and in this Dumas and his girl would make long voyages. The yacht arrived in Palermo, Sicily, at the same time as Garibaldi. The great leader, anxious to show his sympathy for France by being polite to one of our greatest novelists, invited Dumas to a great banquet. But Dumas, senile old reprobate as he was, did not care to accept the invitation unless his chorus girl went with him, and he imagined nothing better than to introduce the girl as his daughter. Happily, the girl had some clothes of her sex among her baggage, and she was placed at the table at the right-hand side of Garibaldi. A friend of mine who was present, and who told me of the adventure, said that the old soldier went out of his way to be polite to 'Mlle. Dumas.' The girl, naturally, was exceedingly coarse and ignorant, and my friend trembled for fear that Garibaldi should detect the imposture. If he had, the consequence would have been terrible."

During the siege of Paris, Rochefort and a few other members of the Government of the National Defence took measures to keep the masterpieces of the Louvre from falling into the hands of the Germans:

"We went to the Louvre and took down a number of celebrated paintings, notably the 'Noces de Cana,' the 'Mise au Tombeau,' of Titian, the 'Belle Jardinière,' of Raphael, and the 'Départ pour Cythère,' of Watteau, and we sent them to Brest, where they were placed on a ship which was kept ready to sail at the first alarm. This measure, of course, was insufficient, on account of the number of masterpieces left behind, but happily, and owing probably to forgetfulness on the part of Bismarck, who is not enormously interested in art, our National Museum was not included in the war indemnity."

The story of how Rochefort started his famous periodical *La Lanterne* is told at length. The journalist was one of the most dangerous enemies that the Emperor and his party had. The censorship of the press at that time was very severe, but Rochefort was irrepressible. He always succeeded in every article he wrote to get in some dig at the Emperor or his friends. This at last so enraged the Government that at last it took stringent measures. The proprietors of the *Figaro* were informed that if M. Rochefort were allowed to retain his connection with that journal the paper would be suppressed. So Rochefort had to leave, although he was a very valuable man and had done much to increase the cir-

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culation of the *Figaro*. His friends then advised him to start a paper of his own, in which he could say all he wanted to say. He decided to call it *La Lanterne*, explaining as his reason that a lantern serves two purposes—to light the way for honest people and to hang evil-doers. He met with the greatest difficulty in obtaining a permit, and he started on Saturday, May 23d, 1868, with a capital of 20,000 francs, subscribed by M. Villemessant, editor of the *Figaro*, and M. Dumont, one of the proprietors of that journal. Rochefort thought it would be sufficient if they printed four thousand of the first number, but his printer prevailed upon him to print fifteen thousand. The day of publication arrived, *La Lanterne* was issued at eleven A.M., and two hours later the entire edition was sold. By four o'clock they had sold forty thousand copies, and the presses were still going at full speed, unable to satisfy the demand. By the next morning one hundred and twenty thousand copies had been sold, and Rochefort himself had to run all over Paris to recruit binders to sew the copies. No such journalistic success had ever been known. The second number was even more successful than the first, and the Parisians literally fought to secure copies before they were seized by the police, which happened later. His attacks on the Emperor were usually couched in this strain : " The State has ordered from M. Barye the equestrian statue of Napoleon III. M. Barye is one of our best sculptors of animals." Napoleon III. made several attempts to stop the publication of *La Lanterne*, but without success, and it unquestionably did much to bring about the final fall of the Empire.

Arthur Hornblow.

THE WAIL OF A READER.

Between the novels of the past,
  And novels of the day,
The histories and essays,
  The drama and the play,
Biographies and letters,
  The classics and the verse,—
I wish I were an infant
  A-playing with my nurse.

Six books a day for fourteen years,
  By careful calculation,
Would of the novels of the day
  Make worthy devastation.
Yet man's possessed to write *more* books
  ('Tis mental aberration,)
I see but one way out of it—
  Suspended animation !

The men that wield the pen shall be
  Hypnotically placed
All comfy in a winding-sheet,
  And boxed up in good taste,
And grace the shelves as heretofore
  Our book-shelves they have graced ;
And till the time we are " read up"
  Their souls shall be effaced,
And we will celebrate the day
  In ceremonies chaste.

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KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

CHAPTER IX.

A DAUGHTER OF DEBATE.

THEY met under the arch of the gate, and Carmichael returned with the Carnegies, Kate making much of him and insisting that he should stay to luncheon.

"You are our first visitor, Mr. Carmichael, and the General says that we need not expect more than six, so we mean to be very kind to them. Do you live far from here?"

"Quite near—just two miles west. I happened to be passing; in fact, I'm going down to the next parish, and I . . . I thought that I would like to call and . . . and bid you welcome;" for Carmichael had not yet learned the art of conversation, which stands mainly in touching details lightly and avoiding the letter I.

"It is very cruel of you to be so honest and dispel our flattering illusions"—Kate marvelled at his mendacity—"we supposed you had come 'anes errand'—I'm picking up Scotch—to call on your new neighbours. Does the high road pass the Lodge?"

"Oh no; the road is eight miles further; but the Drumtochty people take the near way through the woods; it's also much prettier. I hope you will not forbid us, General? two people a week is all the traffic."

"Forbid them—not I," said Carnegie, laughing. "A man is not born and bred in this parish without learning some sense. It would be a right of way case, and Drumtochty would follow me from court to court, and would never rest till they had gained or we were all ruined.

"Has it ever struck you, Mr. Carmichael, that one of the differences between a Highlander and a Scot is that each has got a pet enjoyment? With the one it's a feud, and with the other it's a lawsuit. A Scot dearly loves a 'ganging plea.'

"No, no; Tochty woods will be open so long as Kate and I have anything to say in the matter. The Glen and our people have not had the same politics, but we've lived at peace, as neighbours ought to do, with never a lawsuit even to give a fillip to life."

"So you see, Mr. Carmichael," said Kate, "you may come and go at all times through our territory; but it would be bare courtesy to call at the Lodge for afternoon tea."

"Or tiffin," suggested the General; "and we can always offer currie, as you see. My daughter has a capital receipt she wiled out of an old Hindu rascal who cooked for our mess.

"You really need not take it on that account," as Carmichael was doing his best in much misery; "it is only meant to keep old Indians in fair humour—not to be a test of good manners. By the way, Janet has been sounding your praises; how have you won her heart?"

"Oh, very easily—by having some drops of Highland blood in my veins; and so I am forgiven all my faults, and am credited with all sorts of excellences."

"Then the Highlanders are as clannish as ever," cried the General. "Scotland has changed so much in the last half century that the Highlanders might have become quite unsentimental and matter-of-fact.

"Lowland civilisation only crossed the Highland line after '45, and it will

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take more than a hundred and thirty years to recast a Celt. Scottish education and theology are only a veneer on him, and below he has all his old instincts.

"So far as I can make out, a Celt will rather fish than plough, and be a gamekeeper than a workman; but if he be free to follow his own way, a genuine Highlander would rather be a soldier than anything else under the sun"

"What better could a man be?" and Kate's eyes sparkled; "they must envy the old times when their fathers raided the Lowlands and came home with the booty. It's a pity everybody is so respectable nowadays, don't you think?"

"Certainly the police are very meddlesome," and Carmichael now devoted himself to Kate, without pretence of including the General; "but the spirit is not dead. A Celt is the child of generations of cattle-stealers, and the raiding spirit is still in the blood. May I offer an anecdote?"

"Six, if you have got so many, and they are all about Highlanders," and Kate leant forward and nursed her knee, for they had gone into the library.

"Last week I was passing the cattle market in Edinburgh, and a big Highland drover stopped me, begging for a little money.

"'It iss from Lochaber I hef come with some beasties, and to morrow I will be walking back all the way, and it iss this night I hef no bed. I wass considering that the gardens would be a good place for a night, but they are telling me that the police will be disturbing me.'

"He looked so simple and honest that I gave him half-a-crown and said that I was half a Highlander. I have three Gaelic sentences, and I reeled them off with my best accent.

"'Got forgive me,' he said, 'for thinking you to be a Sassenach body, and taking your money from you. You are a fery well-made man, and here iss your silver piece, and may you always hef one in your pocket.'

"'But what about your bed?'

"'Tuts, tuts, that will be all right, for I hef maybe got some six or five notes of my own that were profit on the beasties; but it iss a pity not to be taking anything that iss handy when a body happens to be in the south.'"

"HERE ISS YOUR SILVER PIECE."

"Capital." Kate laughed merrily, and her too rare laugh I used to think the gayest I ever heard. "It was the only opportunity left him of following his fathers. What a fine business it must have been, starting from Braemar one afternoon, a dozen men well armed, and getting down to Strathmore in the morning; then lying hid in some wood all day, and collecting a herd of fat cattle in the evening, and driving them up Glen Shee, not knowing when there might be a fight."

"Hard lines on the Scottish farmers, Kit, who might be very decent fellows, to lose their cattle or get a cut from a broadsword."

"Oh, they had plenty left; and seriously, dad, without joking, you know,

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what better could a Presbyterian Lowlander do than raise good beef for Highland gentlemen? Mr. Carmichael, I beg pardon; you seem so good a Celt that I forgot you were not of our faith."

"We are not Catholics," the General explained, gravely, "although many of our blood have been, and my daughter was educated in a convent. We belong to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and will go into Muirtown at a time, but mostly we shall attend the kirk of my old friend Dr. Davidson. Every man is entitled to his faith, and Miss Carnegie rather . . ."

"Forgot herself." Kate came to her father's relief. "She often does: but one thing Miss Carnegie remembers, and that is that General Carnegie likes his cheroot after dinner. Do you smoke, Mr. Carmichael? Oh, I am allowed to stay, if you don't object, and have forgiven my rudeness."

"You make too much of a word, Miss Carnegie." Carmichael was not a man to take offence till his pride was roused. "Very likely my drover was a true blue Presbyterian, and his minister as genuine a cateran as himself.

"Years ago I made the acquaintance of an old Highlander minister called MacTavish, and he sometimes stays with me on his way north in the spring. For thirty years he has started at the first sign of snow, and spent winter spoiling the good people of the south. Some years he has gone home with three hundred pounds."

"But how does he get the money?" enquired the General, "and what does he use it for?"

"He told me the history of his campaigns when he passed in March, and it might interest you; it's our modern raid, and although it's not so picturesque as a foray of the Macphersons, yet it has points, and shows the old spirit lives.

"'She wass a goot woman, Janet Cameron, oh yes, Mr. John, a fery exercised woman, and when she wass dying she will be saying beautiful things, and one day she will be speaking of a little field she had beside the church.

"'"What do you thing I should be doing with that piece of ground," she will be saying, "for the end iss not far off, and it iss not earth I can be taking with me, oh no, nor cows."

"'"No, Janet," I said, "but it iss a nice field, and lies to the sun. It might be doing good after you are gone, if it wass not wasted on your mother's cousins twice removed in Inverness, who will be drinking every drop of it, and maybe going to the Moderate Kirk."

"'It wass not for two months or maybe six weeks she died, and I will be visiting her every second day. Her experiences were fery good, and I hef told them at sacraments in the north. The people in the south are free with their money, but it iss not the best of my stories that I can give them; they are too rich for their stomachs.

"'Janet will often be saying to me, "Mister Dugald, it iss a thankful woman that I ought to be, for though I lost my man in the big storm and two sons in the war, I hef had mercies, oh yes. There wass the Almighty and my cow, and between them I hef not wanted, oh no."

"'"Janet, you will be forgetting your field that iss lying next the manse, and the people will be thinking that it iss a glebe; but I am telling them that it iss Janet Cameron's, who iss a fery experienced woman, and hass nefer seen the inside of a Moderate Kirk since the Disruption."

"'Maybe you will be astonished, Mister John, but when Janet's will will be read that piece of ground wass left to the Free Kirk, which wass fery kind and mindful of Janet, and I made a sermon about her from the text of the "elect lady."

"'It wass a good field, but it needed a dyke and some drains, and it wass not our people that had the money. So I made another sermon on the text, "The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it," and went down to the south. It wass not a dyke and some drains, but enough to build a byre and a stable I came back with. That wass in '55, and before '60 there will be a new manse with twelve rooms that iss good for letting to the English people. But it wass ten years the church needed, and a year for the porch to keep it warm, for I am not liking stoves, and will not hef one in Crianshalloch.

"'It iss wonderful how much money the bodies hef in Glasgow, and it iss good for them to be hearing sound doc-

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trine at a time. There will be no Arminianism when I am preaching, and no joking ; but maybe there will be some parables, oh yes, about the sheep coming in at the manse door for want of a fence, and the snow lying in the pulpit.'

"There is a cateran for you, and, mind you, a good fellow too. It's not greed sends him out, but sheer love of spoil. Would you like to see MacTavish next time he passes up with the cattle?" for Carmichael was emboldened by the reception of his sketch.

"Nothing we should like better, for the General and I want to know all about Scotland ; but don't you think that those ministers have injured the Highlanders? Janet, you know, has such gloomy ideas about religion."

"There is no doubt, Miss Carnegie, that a load of Saxon theology has been landed on the Celt, and it has disfigured his religion. Sometimes I have felt that the Catholic of the west is a truer type of northern faith than the Presbyterian of Ross-shire."

"I am so glad to hear you say that," said Miss Carnegie, "for we had one or two west Catholics in the old regiment, and their superstitions were lovely. You remember, dad, the MacIvers."

"That was all well enough, Kit, but none of them could get the length of corporal ; they were fearfully ignorant, and were reported at intervals for not keeping their accoutrements clean."

"That only showed how religious they were, didn't it, Mr. Carmichael? Hadn't the early Christians a rooted objection to the bath? I remember our Padre saying that in a lecture."

"There are a good many modern Christians of the same mind, Miss Carnegie, and I don't think our poor Highlanders are worse than Lowlanders ; but Catholic or Protestant, they are all subject to the gloom. I cannot give the Gaelic word.

"What is that? Oh, a southerner would call it depression, and assign it to the liver, for he traces all trouble to that source. But there is no word for this mood in English, because it is not an English experience. My mother fell under it at times, and I saw the effect."

"Tell us, please, if all this description does not weary you?" and Kate shone on Carmichael, who would have talked on the Council of Nice or the rotation of crops to prolong his privileges.

"It comes on quite suddenly, and is quite a spiritual matter—a cloud which descends and envelops the soul. While it lasts a Highlander will not laugh nor sing ; he will hardly speak, and he loses all hope about everything. One of our men has the gloom at a time, and then he believes that he is . . . damned. I am speaking theologically."

"The regiment must have been fond of theology, dad. Yes, we understand."

"Once he went out to the hill, and lay all night wrestling and agonising to be sure whether there was a God. You know he's just a small farmer, and it seems to me splendid that such a man should give himself to the big problems of the universe. Do you know," and Carmichael turned to the General, who was smoking in great peace, "I believe that is the reason the Highlanders are such good fighting men. They fear God, and they don't fear any other person."

"I'll vouch for one thing," said the veteran with emphasis ; "our men put off the gloom, or whatever you call it, when they smelt powder ; I never saw a panic in a Highland regiment in more than forty years' soldiering."

"What's the reason of the gloom? I believe that I have a touch of it myself at times—don't stare at me, dad, it's rude—just a thin mist, you know, but distinctly not indigestion. Is it a matter of race?"

"Of course, but that's no explanation." Carmichael had fallen into his debating society style. "I mean one has to go farther back ; all our habits are shaped by environment."

"One moment, please. I have always wanted to ask some clever person what environment meant. I asked Colonel MacLeod once, dad, and he said it was out of the new book on tactics, and he was thankful he had retired. Now Mr. Carmichael will make it plain," and Kate was very demure.

"It is rather stupid to use the word so much as people do now," and Carmichael glanced dubiously at Kate ; "scientific men use it for circumstances."

"Is that all? then do pray say environment. Such a word introduces one into good society, and gives one the feel-

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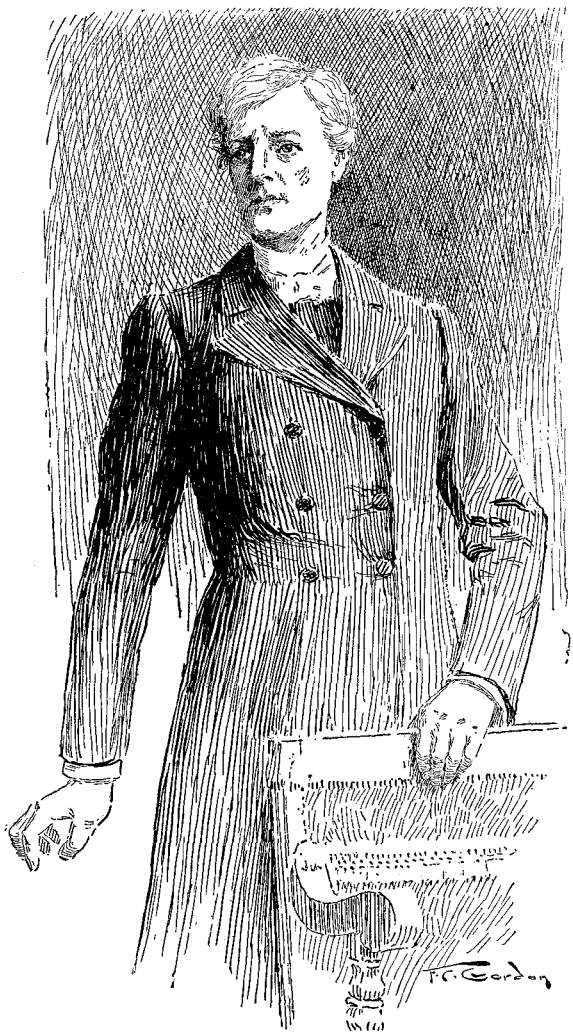
ing of being well dressed; now about a Highlander's environment, is it his kilt you are thinking of, or his house, or what?"

"His country"—and Carmichael's tone had a slight note of resentment, as of one ruffled by this frivolity—"with its sea lochs, and glens, and mists. Any one who has been bred and reared at the foot of one of our mountains will have a different nature and religion from one living in Kent or Italy. He has a sense of reverence, and surely that is a good thing."

"Nothing more needed nowadays," the General broke in with much spirit; "it seems to me that people nowadays respect nobody, neither the Queen nor Almighty God. As for that man Brimstone, he will never cease till he has ruined the Empire. You needn't look at me, Kate, for Mr. . . . Carmichael must know this as well as any other sensible man.



"I SHOULD CALL IT A DELIBERATE——"

"Why, sir," and now the General was on his feet, "I was told on good authority at the club last week by a newspaper man—a monstrously clever man—that Mr. Brimstone, when he is going down to the House of Commons to disestablish the Church, or the army, or something, will call in at a shop and order two hundred silk hats to be sent to his house. What do you call that, sir?"

"I should call it a deliberate——"

"*Jeu d'esprit.* Of course it is, dad," and Kate threw an appealing glance to Carmichael, who had sprung to his feet and was standing stiffly behind his chair, for he was a fierce Radical.

"Perhaps it was, lassie—those war correspondents used to be sad rascals — and, at any rate, politics are bad taste. Another cheroot, Mr. Carmichael? Oh, nonsense; you must tell my daughter more about your Highlanders. They are a loyal set, at any rate, and we all admire that."

"Yes, they are," and Carmichael unbent again, "and will stick by their side whether it be right or wrong. They're something like a woman in their disposition."

"Indeed," said Kate, who did not think Carmichael had responded very courteously to her lead, "that is very interesting. They are, you mean, full of prejudices and notions.

"If a Highlander takes you into his friendship, you may say or do what you like, he will stand by you, and although his views are as different from yours as black from white, will swear he agrees

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with every one. If he's not your friend, he can see no good in anything you do, although you be on his own side.

"In fact, he has very little judgment and no sense of justice; and I think you said,'' Kate went on sweetly, "his nature reminded you of a woman's?"

"You're sure that you like cheroots?" for the General did not wish this lad, Radical though he was, sacrificed on his first visit; "some men are afraid of the opium in them."

"Please do not interrupt Mr. Carmichael when he is making a capital comparison," and Kate held him to the point.

"What I intend is really a compliment," went on Carmichael, "and shows the superior fineness and sensitiveness of a woman's mind."

Kate indicated that she was sure that was his meaning, but waited for details.

"You see," with the spirit of one still fresh to the pulpit, "a man is slower, and goes by evidence; a woman is quicker, and goes by her instincts."

"Like the lower animals," suggested Kate, sweetly, "by scent, perhaps. Well?"

"You are twisting my words, Miss Carnegie." Carmichael did not like being bantered by this self-possessed young woman. "Let me put it this way. Would a jury of women be as impartial as a jury of men? Why, a bad-looking man would have no chance, for they would condemn him at once, not for what he did, but for what they imagined he was."

"Which would save a lot of time and rid society of some precious scoundrels," with vivid recollections of her own efforts in this direction. "Then you grant that women have some intelligence, although no sense of justice, which is a want?"

"Far brighter than men," said Carmichael, eagerly; "just consider the difference between a man's and a woman's speech. A man arranges and argues from beginning to end, and is the slave of connection. He will labour every idea to exhaustion before he allows it to escape, and then will give a solemn cough by way of punctuating with a full stop, before he goes on to his next point. Of course the audience look at their watches and make for the door."

"What would a woman do?" Kate enquired with much interest.

"A lady was speaking lately at Muirtown for an orphanage at Ballyskiddle, and described how Patsy was rescued from starvation, and greatly affected us. 'Patsy will never want bread again,' she concluded, and two Bailies wept aloud.

"Then she went on, and it seemed to me a stroke of genius, 'Speaking about Patsy, has any lady present a black dress suitable for a widow woman?' Before we knew that we had left Patsy, the people were in a widow's home, and the Bailies were again overcome. I mention them because it is supposed that a Bailie is the most important human being in Scotland, and he feels it his duty not to yield to emotion.

"No, a woman speaker never sacrifices her capital; she carries it with her from England to France in her speech, and recognises no channel passage. In fact," and Carmichael plunged into new imagery, "a man's progress is after the manner of a mole, while a woman flits from branch to branch like a——"

"Squirrel—I know," came in Kate, getting tired.

"Bird," I meant. Why do you say squirrel?" and Carmichael looked suspiciously at Kate.

"Because it's such a careless, senseless, irresponsible little beast. Have you met many women, Mr. Carmichael? Really they are not all fools, as you have been trying to suggest for the last ten minutes."

"Highlanders are a safer subject of conversation than women," said the General, good-naturedly, as he bade Carmichael good-bye. "And you must tell us more about them next time you call, which I hope will be soon."

Carmichael halted twice on his way through the woods; once he stamped his foot and looked like a man whose pride had been ruffled; the other time he smiled to himself as one who was thinking of a future pleasure.

It was dusk as he crossed Lynedoch Bridge, and he looked down upon the pool below where the trout were leaping. Half an hour passed, and then he started off at high speed for Kilbogie Manse. "Please God if I am worthy," he was saying to himself; "but I fear she is too high above me every way."

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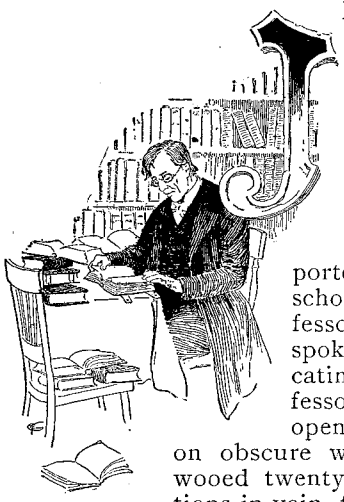
CHAPTER X.

A SUPRA-LAPSARIAN.



JEREMIAH SAUNDERSON had remained in the low estate of a "probationer" for twelve years after he left the Divinity Hall, where he was reported so great a scholar that the Professor of Apologetics spoke to him deprecatingly, and the Professor of Dogmatics openly consulted him on obscure writers. He had wooed twenty-three congregations in vain, from churches in the black country where the colliers rose in squares of twenty and went out without ceremony, to suburban places of worship where the beadle, after due consideration of the sermon, would take up the afternoon notices and ask that they be read at once for purposes of utility, which that unflinching functionary stated to the minister with accuracy and much faithfulness. Vacant congregations desiring a list of candidates made one exception, and prayed that Jeremiah should not be let loose upon them, till at last it came home to the unfortunate scholar himself that he was an offence and byword. He began to dread the ordeal of giving his name, and, as is still told, declared to a household, living in the fat wheat lands and without any imagination, that he was called Magor Missabib. When a stranger makes a statement of this kind with a sad seriousness, no one judges it expedient to offer any remark, but it was skilfully arranged that Missabib's door should be locked from the outside, and one member of the household sat up all night. The sermon next day did not tend to confidence—having seven quotations in unknown tongues—and the attitude of the congregation was one of alert vigilance; but no one gave any outward sign of uneasiness, and six able-bodied men collected in a pew below the pulpit knew their duty in an emergency.

Saunderson's election to the Free Church of Kilbogie was therefore an event in the ecclesiastical world, and a consistent tradition in the parish explained its inwardness on certain grounds, complimentary both to the judgment of Kilbogie and the gifts of Mr. Saunderson. On Saturday evening he was removed from the train by the merest accident, and left the railway station in such a maze of meditation that he ignored the road to Kilbogie altogether, although its sign post was staring him in the face, and continued his way to Drumtochty. It was half-past nine when Jamie Soutar met him on the high road through our Glen, still travelling steadily west, and being arrested by his appearance, beguiled him into conversation, till he elicited that Saunderson was minded to reach Kilbogie. For an hour did the wanderer rest in Jamie's kitchen, during which he put Jamie's ecclesiastical history into a state of thorough repair—making seven distinct parallels between the errors that had afflicted the Scottish Church and the early heretical sects—and then Jamie gave him in charge of a ploughman who was courting in Kilbogie and was not averse to a journey that seemed to illustrate the double meaning of charity. Jeremiah was handed over to his anxious hosts at a quarter to one in the morning, covered with mud, somewhat fatigued, but in great peace of soul, having settled the place of election in the prophecy of Habakkuk as he came down with his silent companion through Tochty woods.

Nor was that all he had done. When they came out from the shadow and struck into the parish of Kilbogie—whose fields, now yellow unto harvest, shone in the moonlight—his guide broke silence and enlarged on a plague of field-mice which had quite suddenly appeared and had sadly devastated the grain of Kilbogie. Saunderson awoke from study and became exceedingly curious, first of all demanding a particular account of the coming of the mice, their multitude, their habits, and their determination. Then he asked many questions about the moral conduct and godliness of the inhabitants of Kilbogie, which his companion, as a native of Drumtochty, painted in gloomy colours, although indicating that even in Kilbogie there was a remnant. Next morning the minister rose at daybreak, and

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was found wandering through the fields in such a state of excitement that he could hardly be induced to look at breakfast. When the "books" were placed before him, he turned promptly to the ten plagues of Egypt, which he expounded in order as preliminary to a full treatment of the visitations of Providence.

"He cowes (beats) a' ye ever saw or heard," the farmer of Mains explained to the elders at the gate. "He gaed tae bed at half twa and wes oot in the fields by four, an' a'm dootin' he never saw his bed. He's lifted abune the body a'thegither, an' can hardly keep himsel' awa' frae the Hebrew at his breakfast. Ye 'ill get a sermon the day, or ma name is no Peter Pitillo." Mains also declared his conviction that the invasion of mice would be dealt with after a Scriptural and satisfying fashion. The people went in full of expectation, and to this day old people recall Jeremiah Saunderson's trial sermon with lively admiration. Experienced critics were suspicious of candidates who read lengthy chapters from both Testaments and prayed at length for the Houses of Parliament, for it was justly held that no man would take refuge in such obvious devices for filling up the time unless he was short of sermon material. One unfortunate, indeed, ruined his chances at once by a long petition for those in danger on the sea—availing himself with some eloquence of the sympathetic imagery of the 107th Psalm—for this effort was regarded as not only the most barefaced padding, but also as evidence of an almost incredible blindness to circumstances. "Did he think Kilbogie wes a fishing village?" Mains enquired of the elders afterward, with pointed sarcasm. Kilbogie was not indifferent to a well-ordered prayer—although its palate was coarser in the appreciation of felicitous terms and allusions than that of Drumtochty—and would have been scandalised if the Queen had been omitted; but it was by the sermon the young man must stand or fall, and Kilbogie despised a man who postponed the ordeal.

Saunderson gave double pledges of capacity and fulness before he opened his mouth in the sermon, for he read no Scripture at all that day, and had only one prayer, which was mainly a statement of the Divine Decrees and a careful confession of the sins of Kilbogie; and then, having given out his text from the prophecy of Joel, he reverently closed the Bible and placed it on the seat behind him. His own reason for this proceeding was a desire for absolute security in enforcing his subject, and a painful remembrance of the disturbance in a south country church when he landed a Bible—with clasps—on the head of the precentor in the heat of a discourse defending the rejection of Esau. Our best and simplest actions—and Jeremiah was as simple as a babe—can be misconstrued, and the only dissentient from Saunderson's election insisted that the Bible had been deposited on the floor, and asserted that the object of his profanity was to give the preacher a higher standing in the pulpit. This malignant reading of circumstances might have wrought mischief—for Saunderson's gaunt figure did seem to grow in the pulpit—had it not been for the bold line of defence taken up by Mains.

"Gin he wanted tae stand high, wes it no tae preach the word? an' gin he wanted a soond foundation for his feet, what better could he get than the twa Testaments? Answer me that."

It was seen at once that no one could answer that, and the captious objector never quite recovered his position in the parish, while it is not the least of Kilbogie's boasting, in which the Auld Kirk will even join against Drumtochty, that they have a minister who not only does not read his sermons and does not need to quote his texts, but carries the whole book in at least three languages in his head, and once, as a proof thereof, preached with it below his feet.

Much was to be looked for from such a man, but even Mains, whetted by intercourse with Saunderson, was astonished at the sermon. It was a happy beginning to draw a parallel between the locusts of Joel and the mice of Kilbogie, and gave the preacher an opportunity of describing the appearance, habits, and destruction of the locusts, which he did solely from Holy Scripture, translating various passages afresh and combining lights with marvellous ingenuity. This brief preface of half an hour, which was merely a stimulant for the Kilbogie appetite, led up to a thorough examination of physical judgments, during which both Bible and Church history were laid under liberal contribution. At this point the minister

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halted, and complimented the congregation on the attention they had given to the facts of the case, which were his first head, and suggested that before approaching the doctrine of visitations they might refresh themselves with a Psalm. The congregation were visibly impressed, and many made up their minds while singing :

"That man hath perfect blessedness"

and while others thought it due to themselves to suspend judgment till they had tasted the doctrine, they afterward confessed their confidence. It goes without saying that he was immediately beyond the reach of the ordinary people on the second head, and even veterans in theology panted after him in vain, so that one of the elders, nodding assent to an exposure of the Manichaean heresy, suddenly blushed as one who had played the hypocrite. Some professed to have noticed a doctrine that had not been touched upon, but they never could give it a name, and it excited just admiration that a preacher, starting from a plague of mice, should have made a way by strictly scientific methods into the secret places of theology. Saunderson allowed his hearers a brief rest after the second head, and cheered them with the assurance that what was still before them would be easy to follow. It was the application of all that had gone before to the life of Kilbogie, and the preacher proceeded to convict the parish under each of the ten commandments—with the plague of mice ever in reserve to silence excuses—till the delighted congregation could have risen in a body and taken Saunderson by the hand for his fearlessness and faithfulness. Perhaps the extent and thoroughness of this monumental sermon can be best estimated by the fact that Claypots, father of the present tenant, who always timed his rest to fifty minutes exactly, thus overseeing both the introduction and application of the sermon, had a double portion, and even a series of supplementary dozes, till at last he sat upright through sheer satiety. It may also be offered as evidence that the reserve of peppermint held by mothers for their bairns was pooled, doles being furtively passed across pews to conspicuously needy families, and yet the last had gone before Saunderson finished.

Mains reported to the congregational meeting that the minister had been quiet for the rest of the day, but had offered to say something about Habakkuk to any evening service, and had cleared up at family worship some obscure points in the morning discourse. He also informed the neighbours that he had driven his guest all the way to Muirtown, and put him in an Edinburgh carriage with his own hands, since it had emerged that Saunderson, through absence of mind, had made his down journey by the triangular route of Dundee. It was quite impossible for Kilbogie to conceal their pride in electing such a miracle of learning, and their bearing in Muirtown was distinctly changed ; but indeed they did not boast vainly about Jeremiah Saunderson, for his career was throughout on the level of that monumental sermon. When the Presbytery in the gaiety of their heart examined Saunderson to ascertain whether he was fully equipped for the work of the ministry, he professed the whole Old Testament in Hebrew, and MacWheep of Pitscourie, who always asked the candidate to read the twenty-third Psalm, was beguiled by Jeremiah into the Book of Job, and reduced to the necessity of asking questions by indicating verbs with his finger. His Greek examination led to an argument between Jeremiah and old Dr. Dumsday on the use of the aorist, from which the minister-elect of Kilbogie came out an easy first ; and his sermons were heard to within measurable distance of the second head by an exact quorum of the exhausted court, who were kept by the clerk sitting at the door, and preventing MacWheep escaping. His position in the court was assured from the beginning, and fulfilled the function of an Encyclopædia, with occasional amazing results, as when information was asked about some Eastern sect for whose necessities the Presbytery were asked to collect, and Jeremiah showed clearly, with the reporters present, that the Cappadocians were guilty of a heresy beside which Morisonianism was an unsullied whiteness. His work as examiner-in-general for the court was a merciful failure, and encouraged the students of the district to return to their district court, who on this rumour of him, had transferred themselves in a body to a Highland Presbytery, where the standard question in Philosophy used to be,

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"How many horns has a dilemma, and distinguish the one from the other." No man knew what the minister of Kilbogie might not ask—he was only perfectly certain that it would be beyond his knowledge; but as Saunderson always gave the answer himself in the end, and imputed it to the student, anxiety was reduced to a minimum. Saunderson, indeed, was in the custom of passing all candidates and reporting them as marvels of erudition, whose only fault was a becoming modesty—which, however, had not concealed from his keen eye hidden treasures of learning. Beyond this sphere the good man's services were not used by a body of shrewd ecclesiastics, as the inordinate length of an ordination sermon had ruined a dinner prepared for the court by "one of our intelligent and large-hearted laymen," and it is still pleasantly told how Saunderson was invited to a congregational soiree—an ancient meeting where the people ate oranges and the speaker rallied the minister on being still unmarried—and discoursed—as a carefully chosen subject—on the Jewish feasts, with illustrations from the Talmud, till some one burst a paper bag and allowed the feelings of the people to escape. When this history was passed round Muirtown Market, Kilbogie thought still more highly of their minister, and indicated their opinion of the other parish in severely theological language.

Saunderson's reputation for unfathomable learning and saintly simplicity was built up out of many incidents, and grew with the lapse of years to a solitary height in the big strath, so that no man would have dared to smile had the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie appeared in Muirtown in his shirt-sleeves, and Kilbogie would only have been a trifle more conceited. Truly he was an amazing man, and, now that he is dead and gone, the last of his race, I wish some man of his profession had written his life, for the doctrine he taught and the way he lived will not be believed by the new generation. The arrival of his goods was more than many sermons to Kilbogie, and I had it from Mains's own lips. It was the kindly fashion of those days that the farmers carted the new minister's furniture from the nearest railway station, and as the railway to Kildrummie was not yet open, they had to go to Stormont Station on the north line; and a pleasant procession they made passing through Pitscourie, ten carts in their best array, and drivers with a semi-festive air. Mr. Saunderson was at the station, having reached it by some miracle without mistake, and was in a condition of abject nervousness about the handling and conveyance of his belongings.

"You will be careful—exceedingly careful," he implored; "if one of the boxes were allowed to descend hurriedly to the ground, the result to what is within would be disastrous. I am much afraid that the weight is considerable, but I am ready to assist;" and he got ready.

"Dinna pit yirsel' intae a feery farry (commotion)," but Mains was distinctly pleased to see a little touch of worldliness, just enough to keep the new minister in touch with humanity. "It 'ill be queer stuff oor lads canna lift, an' a'll gie ye a warranty that the'll no be a cup o' the cheeny broken;" and then Saunderson conducted his congregation to the siding.

"Dod, man," remarked Mains to the station-master, examining a truck with eight boxes; "the manse 'ill no want for dishes at ony rate; but let's start on the furniture; whar hae ye got the rest o' the plenishing?

"Naething mair? havers, man, ye dinna mean tae say they pack beds an' tables in boxes; a' doot there's a truck missin'." Then Mains went over where the minister was fidgetting beside his possessions.

"No, no," said Saunderson, when the situation was put before him, "it's all here. I counted the boxes, and I packed every box myself. That top one contains the fathers—deal gently with it; and the Reformation divines are just below it. Books are easily injured, and they feel it. I do believe there is a certain life in them, and . . . and . . . they don't like being ill-used," and Jeremiah looked wistfully at the ploughmen.

"Div ye mean tae say," as soon as Mains had recovered, "that ye've brocht naethin' for the manse but bukes, naither bed nor bedding? Keep's a'," as the situation grew upon him, "whar are ye tae sleep, and what are ye tae sit on? An' div ye never eat? This croons a';" and Mains gazed at his new minister as one who supposed that he had taken

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"SHE HAD AN UNFORTUNATE TENDENCY TO MEDDLE WITH MY BOOKS."

Jeremiah's measure and had failed utterly.

"Mea culpa—it's . . . my blame," and Saunderson was evidently humbled at this public exposure of his incapacity; "some slight furnishing will be expedient, even necessary, and I have a plan for book-shelves in my head; it is ingenious and convenient, and if there is a worker in wood . . ."

"Come awa' tae the dogcart, sir," said Mains, realising that even Kilbogie did not know what a singular gift they had obtained, and that discussion on such sublunary matters as pots and pans was useless, not to say profane. So eight carts got a box each; one, Jeremiah's ancient kist of moderate dimensions; and the tenth—that none might be left unrecognised—a handbag that had been on the twelve years' probation with its master. The story grew as it passed westward, and when it reached us we were given to understand that the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie had come to his parish with his clothing in a paper parcel and twenty-four packing cases filled with books, in as many languages—half of them dating from the introduction of printing, and fastened by silver clasps—and that if Drumtochty seriously desired to hear an intellectual sermon at a time, we must take our way through Tochty woods.

Mrs. Pitillo took the minister into her hands, and compelled him to accompany her to Muirtown, where she had him at her will for some time, so that she equipped the kitchen (fully), a dining-room (fairly), a spare bedroom (amply), Mr. Saunderson's own bedroom (miserably), and secured a table and two chairs for the study. This success turned her head. Full of motherly forethought, and having a keen remembrance that probationers always retired in the afternoon at Mains to think over the evening's address, and left an impress of the human form on the bed when they came down to tea, Mrs. Pitillo suggested that a sofa would be an admirable addition to the study. As soon as this piece of furniture, of a size suitable for his six feet, was pointed out to the minister, he took fright, and became quite unmanageable. He would not have such an article in his study on any account, partly because it would only feed a tendency to sloth—which, he explained, was one of his besetting sins—and partly because it would curtail the

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space available for books, which, he indicated, were the proper furniture of any room, but chiefly of a study. So great was his alarm that he repented of too early concessions about the other rooms, and explained to Mrs. Pitillo that every inch of space be rigidly kept for the overflow from the study, which he expected—if he were spared—would reach the garrets. Several times on their way back to Kilbogie, Saunderson looked wistfully at Mrs. Pitillo, and once opened his mouth as if to speak, from which she gathered that he was grateful for her kindness, but dared not yield any farther to the luxuries of the flesh.

What this worthy woman endured in securing a succession of reliable housekeepers for Mr. Saunderson and overseeing the interior of that remarkable home, she was never able to explain to her own satisfaction, though she made many honest efforts, and one of her last intelligible utterances was a lamentable prophecy of the final estate of the Free Church manse of Kilbogie. Mr. Saunderson himself seemed at times to have some vague idea of her painful services, and once mentioned her name to Carmichael in feeling terms. There had been some delay in providing for the bodily wants of the visitor after his eight miles' walk from Drumtochty, and it seemed likely that he would be obliged to take his meal standing for want of a chair.

"While Mrs. Pitillo lived, I have a strong impression, almost amounting to certainty, that the domestic arrangements of the manse were better ordered; she had the episcopal faculty in quite a conspicuous degree, and was, I have often thought, a woman of sound judgment.

"We were not able at all times to see eye to eye, as she had an unfortunate tendency to meddle with my books and papers, and to arrange them after an artificial fashion. This she called tidying, and, in its most extreme form, cleaning.

"With all her excellencies, there was also in her what I have noticed in most women, a certain flavour of guile, and on one occasion, when I was making a brief itinerary through Holland and France in search of comely editions of the fathers, she had the books carried out to the garden and dusted. It was the space of two years before I regained mastery of my library again, and unto this day I cannot lay my hands on the service book of King Henry VIII., which I had in the second edition, to say nothing of an original edition of Rutherford's Lex Rex.

"It does not become me, however, to reflect on the efforts of that worthy matron, for she was by nature a good woman, and if any one could be saved by good works, her place is assured. I was with her before she died, and her last words to me were, 'Tell Jean tae dust yir bukes aince in the sax months, and for ony sake keep ae chair for sittin' on.' It was not the testimony one would have desired, but yet, Mr. Carmichael, I have often thought that there was a spirit of . . . of unselfishness, in fact, that showed the working of grace." Later in the same evening Mr. Saunderson's mind returned to his friend's spiritual state, for he entered into a long argument to show that while Mary was more spiritual, Martha must have been within the Divine Election.

(To be continued.)

INSPIRATION.

He builds not anxiously by rule and line
Who, as he toils at the august design,
Hears in his heart the summons from the height,
Sees in his soul the truth of beauty shine.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

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LONDON LETTER.

A topic of very general interest of late has been the adverse decision of Oxford University as to the admission of women to its degrees. The application for such a concession was very strongly supported and it was supposed by many that it would be successfully carried through; but the result shows that Oxford conservatism is still as powerful as ever. Perhaps the most curious feature of the whole affair is the extraordinary variety of reasons assigned by those who opposed the application. One don votes against it because he thinks that the admission of women to the regular work of the University would tend to popularise its instruction and therefore impair its scientific value. Another don, a very eminent physicist, also opposes the scheme, but on the ground that the actual instruction now given in the University is of so unsatisfactory a character that it would be a serious disadvantage to the higher education of women if female students should be encouraged to give up better instruction elsewhere for the sake of receiving Oxford's teaching. Altogether, the majority agreed only in their negative vote, and some of them now seem rather troubled by the discrepancy in their tabulated opinions. As a matter of fact, it is hardly possible that the ultimate admission of women to all academic privileges can be very long deferred in view of the general trend of educational and other development at the present time.

Without reference to the merits of the immediate question, one may be permitted to object to the admission of female students to Oxford on the ground that it would not be in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. The whole spirit of Oxford and of its traditions is mediæval rather than modern; and it is this quasi-mediævalism that gives the place its distinctive character and explains its curious influence upon the mind and the imagination of all who have sojourned within its venerable halls. It seems, therefore, a pity that it should in any respect lose its distinctive character and that we cannot, in one place at least, hold back the exigencies of the age for the sake of æsthetic picturesqueness, and keep this one spot uncontaminated by the utilitarian and faddish tendencies of our time. Strip Oxford of its mediævalism, and it is no longer Oxford, but an anomaly; and it is to be hoped that this view may long prevail. It must be confessed, however, that the authorities of Oxford have rather shut themselves off from any recourse to this plea by throwing open their most sacred penetralia to the ravages of the University Extension prowlers during the summer months. These preposterous persons, who are aggravated specimens of the Cook's tourist blended with the educational quack, play at learning and irritate the sensitive eye with their fooleries during the most beautiful season of the year, when Oxford is otherwise steeped in its own mysterious and haunting beauty. There is, however, a set among the younger Oxford men who in the sphere of university education are the analogues of the present "Tory Democracy" and of the "Young England" party of a generation ago in the field of politics. They cater to popular movements, and like to come out from their cloisters and with a superior air impart certain crumbs of culture to the mob. They do not see that ere long the mob will not be content to sit at their doors and receive the crumbs with thankfulness; but that, grown familiar, they will presently smash in the windows, rifle the buttery, and make themselves riotously at home in the very innermost shrines of culture.

Mr. Harold Frederic's latest novel, published here under the title of *Illumination*, is having something of a vogue. It was reviewed at considerable length in a recent number of the *Saturday Review* by "Frank Danby," who praises it with discrimination, and evidently takes it very seriously. She also makes a statement to the effect that in America Mr. Frederic's novels are sold by the hundred thousand, and that their author is acclaimed as an American Dickens. As to the truth of this assertion I have no means of judging; but Mr. Frederic certainly seems to be attracting a fair amount of attention in England at the present time. Speaking of Frank Danby, I noticed some months ago that in your columns you gave some account of

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her quarrel with Mr. George Moore. It had been supposed of late that the feud was dying out; but in the review which I have mentioned above she speaks of Mr. Moore as "ungrammatical and salacious," so that one must conclude with a sort of amused interest that master and disciple have not as yet made up their differences, and that the fight is still on.

A rumour has gone abroad during the past month that Mr. Alfred Austin's disgust and astonishment at the comments upon his appointment to the Laureateship have led him seriously to consider the question of resigning his new honours; but I think it may be said once for all that this rumour has no foundation. It would, of course, be a very foolish thing for him to do, as it would ruin his literary career and tacitly admit the justice of the criticisms; and, in the second place, I do not think that the criticisms themselves have in any way affected his tranquillity, but may even have enhanced his very complacent estimate of his own powers, for I have been told by one who knows him that he regards these attacks as a sort of unconscious tribute to his greatness, and that he measures his own powers and his own success by the intensity of the jealousy which they have excited in the minds of his literary brethren.

As I close this letter, the announcement is made on what appears to be good authority of the engagement of Anthony Hope Hawkins to Miss Evelyn Millard, a very charming actress, and one who has lately been taking the part of the Princess Flavia in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. It is, in fact, through her assumption of this part that the acquaintance with Mr. Hawkins began, which has now culminated in their engagement.

H. S. May.

PARIS LETTER.

It appears, as one feared would be the case, that the Société de l'Édition par les Auteurs (the Authors' Publishing Company) of Paris, of whose organisation and initial venture some account was given in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN, has not been a success, and, at least temporarily, has suspended its operations. The sales of the first book published by this society—a collection of short tales republished from various newspapers—were so small that there were no funds in hand to publish the third book, which had been passed by the Reading Committee. It would seem that it is impossible for authors to carry out the business of publishing successfully. One will watch with interest the results of the large American organisation, and the success which will attend the efforts of an individual English author in this direction. But one fears that disappointment may here also be in store.

Quite a number of fairly well-known writers among *les jeunes*—a classification including men of over sixty—took part in the recent Mid-Lent procession organised by the students. This procession was known as the "Procession of the Mad Cow." It is said in France that every one who follows a liberal profession, and especially writers and painters, has in his career a longer or shorter period when his poverty is so great that he is glad to get the beef of a *vache enragée* to eat; and when it is said of a man, as for instance it is often said of Emile Zola, that he has eaten quantities of mad-cow beef in his life, it is meant that he has been through a long period of semi-starvation. I confess that I have seen but little of this much-talked-of starvation among French authors, even among *les jeunes*, and where it does exist it is mainly attributable to improvidence. The reason of this is that in France, with the rarest exceptions, no man in his senses takes to authorship as a profession, or engages in it in a commercial spirit, unless he has other means of subsistence. In England a man can hope to get some sort of a living, however unsuccessful he may be, out of authorship. In France no man outside Charenton would entertain such a hope, or act upon it. I have never yet met a writer in France, trying to make a reputation as an author, who had not either a private income or some other employment.

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Huysmans, for instance, has a Government office, and, in addition, is engaged commercially in book-binding; Mallarmé was until quite recently professor of English at a Parisian lycée, and so on. So there is really never any necessity for an author in France to dine off *vache enragée*, and no reason for him whatever to appeal to the public for sympathy on account of fare so unpalatable. Speaking of unpalatable fare reminds me, by contraries, of Arsène Houssaye, who was a gourmet of the first water. I fancy his dinners will be remembered longer in Paris than his books, which have little weight there. He was a "very precious" man, in the French sense of the word *précieux*, and bestowed on the elegancies of life as much care as, with less success, he applied to his literary workmanship. He was as reserved as Alexandre Dumas the younger, and was never to be seen anywhere, spending his time in a secluded if Sybaritic enjoyment of life. One heard of him occasionally in Parisian society, when a *mot* of his would run round the town. His wit was bitter, even caustic, and seemed to be the utterance of a disappointed man. I believe his literary ambition was a very high one, and that its non-realisation had soured him, in spite of the pleasures of most refined life which he enjoyed, thanks to a large fortune, which no doubt diverted his attention from those labours by which alone his ambition could have been realised. I once heard him described as *le roi des dilettants*, a description not altogether malevolent.

Everybody in Paris, with the exception, perhaps, of a few of the envious among *les jeunes*, is delighted to hear of the great success in London of John Davidson's adaptation of François Coppée's *Pour la Couronne*, which, of course, was immensely successful in Paris. I was present at the dress rehearsal of *Pour la Couronne*, and rarely have seen a piece more enthusiastically received by an audience which is usually indifferent. But Coppée is very popular in France among all classes, from the *camelots* or street hawkers, who speak of him as *le père Coppée*, and shouted themselves hoarse in "booming" his *Le Pater*, up to his brother Academicians, who always complain of his absence when he is not present at their gatherings. His poetry is popular all over France. Some years ago a popular edition of his poems was published in fivepenny monthly parts, in a coloured wrapper on which was a picture of the poet with a silk hat on his head and an umbrella in his hand. *Les jeunes* laughed and scoffed, and said that the *gibus* and the *rifflard* were emblematic of the contents of these parts, but the public bought the book in large quantities. Coppée is a *tendre*—a tender-hearted man—and his work contains that proportion of sentiment which is dear to all French people in spite of their pretences of the contrary. And the work is the man. Coppée is a kind-hearted, simple man; fond of the country, fond of flowers and animals, and devoted to all old friends. I remember his telling me once that his hope was that his old housekeeper should close his eyes in death, that he could not bear the thought of surviving her. He is sentimental, without *sensiblerie*. He lives very simply, and the only affectation that I know in him is his habit of putting on a red shirt or blouse when he sits down to write. He is very fond of exercise, and can walk many a younger man off his legs. I know of many acts of generosity to his credit. On one occasion he saved a poor girl from the town, dowered her, and found her a husband. He is an excellent *confrère*, and never closes his purse to the shipwrecked of literature.

Those of us who know John Davidson also are doubly glad of the success at the Lyceum. It was time that Davidson should receive some of the fruits of his labours. How many years is it since, abandoning a "dominie's" stool in the North of Scotland, he bravely plunged into the literary fight in London, and, undismayed by the hard knocks he received, fought on and on? Not more than two years ago he told me that "there was nothing as yet in the shape of an income," and he laughingly added that he believed the house in which he was living with his family was *the* smallest house in London. I knew that it was so small that the poet was forced to rent a room over a greengrocer's shop in a neighbouring street to do his work in, and that his fine productions were elaborated only in the leisure moments which could be snatched from arduous literary tasks. But he has all along kept up heart, a sanguine and jovial man, with a laugh that was

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her. One is very glad to think ppy at last and free from care. illustration of books is being more more attended to by the Parisian ishers. Many publishers in Paris illustrate all the books they pub-h, believing that an illustrated book ill sell far more readily than another. One publisher recently told me that the book trade is so bad in France that, did he not spend money on illustrating his publications, he did not believe that he could make his business pay. The public taste in France certainly is in favour of illustrated books, and there are some signs that this taste is also spreading in England. Many novels recently published in London have been illustrated. The additional expense is, of course, considerable, and is perhaps higher in Paris than in London, although there are many more talented "black and white men" in the former town. In London, I believe, a publisher can have a book well illustrated throughout for from £25 to £50. In Paris the latter sum may certainly be considered the minimum for which a draughtsman of any standing would undertake to illustrate a book. I am not now referring to the artists who work for the "penny-number" houses, like Rouff's, which issue tons of illustrated *feuilletons* every month. For these publications quantity rather than quality is the desideratum, and the publishers find it more remunerative to employ active men, capable of large production, at a fixed salary, which in the case of some men is a high one. I know of one "black and white" man who has been drawing over $4000 a year for some years past for his exclusive services to one *maison d'édition* alone. It is true that his output is enormous. The artists I am writing about are such men as Myrbach, Mignon, Dunki, Montigné, and Vierge, who produce drawings which are works of art. I have just received from M. Edouard Pelletan, the publisher, a beautiful pamphlet, in which the cause of the illustrated book is eloquently pleaded, and in which some specimens of the work produced by his house are given. One is glad to see in these days of cheap "process" work that good wood-engraving is still believed in by the Parisian publishers, who, as far as enterprise is concerned, are certainly not to blame for the depression in the book trade in France, of which we hear more and more.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

AFTER SIN.

Sometimes I quite forget—
And then I laugh and run,
And boldly front the sun,
And feel the sting of youth urge on and on.

I touch life's burning cup,
With thirst to drink it up.
Then sudden turn aside,
And crouch and shrink and hide,
And loathe the revealing day,
Remembering my clay.

Dorothea Lummis.

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NEW BOOKS.

MARY ANDERSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

It was a foregone conclusion that the autobiography of Mary Anderson would be interesting, since hers is the most poetic figure and the most remarkable career in the history of the American stage. But it was not at all certain that an inexperienced writer could give literary symmetry to the story of her career. Certainly there can have been no expectation of any such finished work as Mme. de Navarro has done. The book is so admirably written, in fact, that one hardly realises that it comes from a 'prentice hand. The simplicity, clarity, directness, and grace which give it distinction are usually the ripest fruits of literary experience. But in this instance the concentrated study of Shakespeare seems to have been all the training required. The author herself may have been unaware of the literary influence under which her book was written, but it is nevertheless Shakespearean, appearing with apparent unconsciousness in the tone of partial quotation and in the turn of many a phrase.

It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the greater part of her life has been given to the study of Shakespeare. Her attention was first turned to the tragedies by hearing *Hamlet* read when she was twelve years of age. "Though," she says in this autobiography, "I understood nothing of the subtle thought and beauty of the tragedy, the mere story, characters, and, above all, that wonderful though nameless atmosphere that pervades all of Shakespeare's dramatic works delighted and thrilled me. From that time most of my play hours were spent in poring over it." Vague thoughts of becoming an actress began soon after to form in the child's mind as she absorbed rather than studied the plays; but it was not until two years later, after seeing the Hamlet of Edwin Booth, that these wandering thoughts became a fixed purpose. The first mention of the intention aroused a storm of opposition. Her family were old-fashioned Kentuckians who believed—as the type believes—that woman's proper place "the sweet, safe corner by the household fire." Moreover, they were the devoutest of Roman Catholics, and held everything pertaining to the theatrical profession in peculiar abhorrence. How strenuous the opposition was from both the home and the church, and how deeply Mary Anderson felt it, her own written words now fully reveal for the first time. One of the bitterest opponents of her career was an uncle, a priest, to whom she was tenderly attached. "Had I known," she says sadly, "that I would never see him again—that he would die, my mother and I far away from him, and that almost until his death he would refuse to forgive or see me unless I abandoned the stage life which he thought so injurious, nay, sinful—I would even then have renounced what was within my grasp." Again she refers to it toward the end of the book with characteristic humility and sweetness of spirit.

"Pleasant was Father Boucher's acknowledgment (after disapproving of my profession for years) that my private life had not fallen under the evils which, at the beginning, he feared to be inevitable from contact with the theatre. Father Boucher was a dear old Frenchman, who had known and instructed me in matters religious since my childhood. My respect and affection for him had always been deep. When he condemned my resolution to go upon the stage quite as bitterly as did my venerated guardian, Pater Anton, my cup of unhappiness overflowed. All my early successes were clouded by the alienation of these unique friends. My satisfaction and delight may be imagined when, after years of estrangement, Father Boucher met me with the same trust with which he had honoured me as a child, and heartily gave me his blessing."

Great as these obstacles were, Mary Anderson encountered upon the very threshold of her profession others of a different kind, that were harder, if possible, to overcome. Her people were poor; her environment was out of touch with all things artistic; and when a reluctant consent had been wrung from her mother, the means whereby she might begin to study were still out of reach. The frank portrayal of the first blind struggles of the uneducated child of fourteen toward a great ambition makes one of the charms of the book. There is

* A Few Memories. By Mary Anderson (Mme. de Navarro). New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

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as much pathos as humour in the account of her going to the Louisville cemetery and speaking Juliet's lines through the grilled door of a vault, in order to acquire a hollow tone. She says simply :

"The labour was particularly hard, working as I did in the dark, having no one to consult, and no experience to guide me. I longed for help, which never came except from my mother, who was as ignorant as I of dramatic art. Still we worked on incessantly, I producing effects, she criticising to the best of her ability. Often in the middle of the night I would awaken her to show some new point. Indeed, I owe more to her constant and loving interest and encouragement than I can ever hope to repay. Had a thorough schooling in the art been possible, instead of these random and unguided efforts, my work would have been halved and its results doubled."

She seems, indeed, to have suffered from this lack of technical knowledge throughout her entire stage career. Much of "the feeling of loneliness and apprehension" that to the last oppressed her upon entering any large city, notwithstanding her steadily increasing success, arose apparently from this cause. Not until her first visit to Europe, after a stage experience of several years, does she seem to have begun to understand the finer points of her art, if we are to judge by what she says of her first impressions at the Comédie Française.

"Being used to the broad and bold effects of our early stage, the refinement and *finesse* of the French art meant little or nothing to me. I longed for the artists to fling their restraint to the winds and give the public a good old-fashioned burst in the tragic scenes, such as I had been accustomed to see and indulge in myself. When the curtain fell without it I was unpleasantly surprised. Only bright and flaring colors appealed to me in those days, and the delicate tints and touches with which these French actors gained their greatest effects appeared to me weak and insipid."

With artistic perception quickened by these revelations of French art, Mary Anderson began anxious preparation for her *début* in London.

"I heard from many that American artists never succeeded in England, that they invariably lost money there, and that the English felt it a duty to crush aspiring Americans, socially as well as artistically. These reports were far from reassuring, but there was no escape from the contract."

After a month of alarms, doubts, and constant dreams of failure, the first night came.

"The thought that I was about to appear in the land of my greatest dramatic heroine, Sarah Siddons, near the very theatres that had rung with the voices of Garrick, silver-tongued Barry, and Edmund Kean set my heart beating so that I could hardly stand. After the applause on my first entrance (I had never received such a long and hearty greeting), I felt that the public of London, so dreaded for months before, had welcomed a stranger in a most friendly spirit. The excitement of the first scenes had evidently weakened me, for in the second act, while weaving garlands for the golden cups, a friendly voice from the pit called out: 'Mary, please speak up a bit!' This was said with such good feeling that it put an end to my nervousness, and from that moment the play ran smoothly to the end."

This first night in London may perhaps be called Mary Anderson's first real success. Her audacious spirit, her extreme youth, her unusual beauty, and her loveliness of character had been the charms with which she had drawn audiences up to that time. And, curiously enough, as she began to become really an artist she began to lose interest in her art. The publicity of her life had already grown distasteful to her.

"The disappointments connected with the art itself—the painting of one's pictures with one's own person in the full gaze of the public, the dependence upon inartistic people (often compelled to use the theatre as a trade) for carrying out most cherished conceptions, and the constant crumbling of ideals—made me, young as I was, long to leave the stage for the peace and privacy of a domestic life."

With this decline of enthusiasm for her profession seems to have come a new love of literature, that received stimulus from a close friendship with Aubrey de Vere, of whom she writes with tender admiration :

"Though old in years, the peace of his spiritual life has left his face unfurrowed. His colour is fresh, red and white ; his eyes young, clear and blue ; and his smile that of a child. All this youthfulness contrasts curiously with his gray hair and tall, thin, stooping body. One of his great charms to me is his carelessness of externals. I remember driving him through the park in the season. I was in my smartest gown and bonnet. We were in a Victoria. He held a Gamp-like umbrella, and opened it to keep the sunlight from his eyes. Years had turned its cotton blackness into a green-brown, and one of its ribs had fallen in from the decay of age ; but he clung to it as he clings to his friends, whether in sickness or health, riches or poverty."

More and more she seems to have been drawn to authors rather than to actors ; and there is a pretty account of her consultation with Tennyson concerning the double rôle in *The Winter's Tale*, which she was then thinking of undertaking. "Thank God," he said, "the time is past for the *Quarterly* or the

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Times to make or mar a poem, play, or artist! Few original things are well received at first. People must grow accustomed to what is out of the common before adopting it." How it was received is told by a letter to Mary Anderson from Alma Tadema:

"Yes, those were good times of *Galatea* and *The Winter's Tale*, and so many other creations of yours. Especially do I like to linger on the souvenirs of *The Winter's Tale*, and its last performance at the Lyceum, where you were so fully and enthusiastically engrossed with your rendering of Shakespeare, that I distinctly heard you sing while dancing down in Perdita. The house called for a speech, and it did one good to see everybody so grateful for what you had given, and I shall never forget the moment when, after a few words of farewell, you hesitated and tried to find a support on the curtain, when a voice from the gallery was heard saying, 'God bless you, Mary,' and immediately the hearty wish was re-echoed by the whole theatre as if with one voice."

A feeling very like this benediction follows the reading of *A Few Memories*. With the turning of its leaves comes an increasing sense of nearness to a sweet and lovable nature, and to a life so white that the footlights' glare discloses no spot. As said in the beginning, it is a simple story. There is no self-consciousness in it, nor vanity, nor straining after effect. For—being a Shakespearean student—Mary Anderson doubtless remembered that "an honest tale speaks best being plainly told."

Nancy Huston Banks.

BRUCE'S ECONOMIC HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.*

Mr. Bruce's *Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century* is a thorough and comprehensive study of an important phase of American colonial history. The economic history of pre-revolutionary Virginia is intimately connected, not only with the social and political development of the colony itself, but with the general colonial policy of England. This double relationship is constantly kept in view in the present work, and lends animation to a narrative encumbered by a great mass of detail, valuable indeed for reference, but hardly interesting to the general reader. Mr. Bruce's work is to be further commended for clearness and directness of style, coupled with no mean art in narration.

Virginia was, one may say, England's first colony. It is therefore pertinent to inquire what were the reasons urged for the founding of this colony. They were, in the order of their weight at the time, the expectation of finding rich gold fields; the belief that the passage to the South Sea lay through Virginia; the expectation that Virginia would supply commodities which the English were compelled to buy from foreign nations; the desire of avoiding an unfavourable balance of trade; of creating a new market for English woollens; of promoting the growth of British shipping; of furnishing a vent for the surplus population of England; of raising a barrier against the Spanish power in the West, and of propagating Christianity among the Indians.

Ralph Lane, writing of the Carolina coast, says: "The discovery of a gold mine by the goodness of God, or a passage to the South Sea, or some way to it, and nothing else, can bring this country in request to be inhabited by our nation." The Order in Council framed for the guidance of the Jamestown colonists directed that as soon as hills should be observed search should be made for the precious metals. The colonists easily cheated themselves with the belief that the high ground along the upper stretches of the Powhatan gave indications of gold, and in the letter which the President and Council of Jamestown despatched to England in 1607, the London Company was urged to forward supplies with the utmost expedition "lest the all-devouring Spaniard lay his ravenous hands upon these gold-showing mountains, which, if we be so enhabled, he shall never dare to think on." Of almost equal weight as a motive for the colonisation of Virginia was the desire of discovering a passage to the South Sea, and with it a direct sea route to the Indies. The search for such a passage was kept up until a better knowledge of the geography of Virginia showed the futility of further efforts.

A more rational motive was the desire to find a new source of supply in the

* Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century: An Inquiry into the Material Condition of the People, based upon Original and Contemporaneous Records. By Philip Alexander Bruce. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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matter of imports. The English at this period imported tar, pitch, rosin, flax, cordage, masts, yards, timber and other naval stores, glass and soap ashes from Russia and Poland ; copper from Sweden ; iron and steel, figs and raisins from Spain and Portugal ; wine, salt, and canvas from France ; silks and velvets from Italy ; and spices from the East. The acquisition of these articles was subject to numerous interruptions and casualties. The fickleness of the Russians in the matter both of private contracts and public treaties was notorious. The Dutch were entering on a sharp competition with the English in the Northern trade, and, besides, the King of Denmark might at any time increase the tax on the cargoes of foreign vessels going in and out of the Baltic. The trade with Italy and the Levant was exposed to the depredations of the Algerian pirates. Spain and Portugal were in the habit, upon the smallest provocation, of seizing the valuable English merchant fleet which twice a year visited their ports. Virginia, it was thought, would not only be able to supply the commodities which the English were compelled to purchase abroad, but would also furnish a market for English woollens, which were being driven out of the European market by the superior Dutch cloths.

The desire of obviating an unfavourable balance of trade had great weight with the English statesmen of that period. The supposed constant withdrawal of coin from England in the settlement of the balance in favour of the Continental and Eastern countries was a source of profound apprehension. In the commercial relations between England and Virginia, it was thought, no demand would be made for money sterling. The balance of trade would be kept even, as the manufactures exported would be exchanged for the natural commodities of the colony. The increasing colonial trade would, of course, be reserved for the home country, and would, therefore, tend to promote the growth of English shipping.

The history of Virginia is an excellent illustration of how physical conditions determine the economic development of a country in spite of the best-laid plans of a paternal government. The first white man to cultivate tobacco in Virginia was John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas. He experimented with a few plants in 1612. Four years later tobacco was one of the staple crops of the colony, and would presently have been cultivated to the exclusion of other agricultural products, if the action of the colonists had not been controlled to some extent by the government.

Tidewater Virginia was covered with a heavy growth of timber. Tobacco had an advantage over other agricultural products in that it could be produced in greater quantity to the acre. This was of supreme importance in a country where so much labour was required to clear the ground for cultivation. Tobacco, moreover, could be shipped to England in more valuable bulk to the space than any other commodity which the colony was capable of producing on a large scale. Tradition and habit no doubt continued to promote the cultivation of tobacco in later years ; but in the beginning it was an economic necessity, and in no small degree continued to be so while the system of slave labour obtained.

The cultivation of tobacco had an important bearing on social conditions in the colony. Tobacco required a rich soil, and the richest soil was exhausted after a few crops. This gave rise to the system of large plantations, for every few years the planter was obliged to clear new ground for his crops. Plantations of from ten to twenty thousand acres were common. Each plantation was economically an independent community. The planter's necessaries were either produced at home or obtained from England in exchange for his tobacco. The innumerable navigable rivers and inlets of tidewater Virginia permitted ocean vessels to stop at every plantation, and all the planter had to do to market his crop was to open his warehouse. Such primitive conditions of trade, of course, prevented the growth of towns and manufactures.

The constant necessity for clearing new ground required the presence of an abundance of cheap labour, and African slave labour was found to be the cheapest. The abolition of slavery during the Civil War proved the destruction of the system of large plantations. Under conditions of free labour the planter cannot afford to let immense tracts of land lie fallow. He is obliged to sell what land he cannot put to immediate use, and to

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restore the productiveness of exhausted soil by artificial fertilisers. Farming under present conditions is expensive. Consequently intensive cultivation is taking the place of extensive, and the tendency is toward small holdings cultivated by the farmer himself with the aid of his family. With the subdivision of the soil come manufactures and towns, and with them democratic ideas and institutions. The picturesque planter aristocracy of Virginia will soon be a thing of the past.

M. A. Mikkelsen.

THE DAY OF THEIR WEDDING.*

It was a happy inspiration that led Mr. Howells to relate the adventures of Lorenzo and Althea on the day of their wedding. In the story of these Shaker lovers, who make a brief and futile attempt to exchange the "angelic life" for the "world outside," he is writing of scenes and characters especially congenial to his fancy, and the result is a delightful and characteristic little romance, full of the quaint humour and delicate charm of his earlier works. In Althea Brown we have one of his familiar types, one of those pretty, fragile New England girls whose feminine impulsiveness and inconsistency are more than balanced by a conscience that is at once the admiration and the despair of the sympathetic reader. Lorenzo Weaver, in his boyish good looks and rustic slowness of speech, reminds one of that other country lad, Lemuel Barker, who was the Minister's Charge.

He is especially like Lemuel in the meagreness of his conversational equipment, and they are both helplessly dependent on the "Well," with which they preface their infrequent remarks. Mr. Howells fully comprehends the value of this monosyllable to the taciturn New Englander, forming, as it does, such a safe and convenient stepping-stone from silence to speech.

Lorenzo and Althea were brought up from childhood in the pleasant shelter of the "Family," as they term the Shaker settlement. Their religious belief is thus explained by Althea:

"We believe in the Bible, but we believe that Ann Lee came after Jesus to fulfil His mission. We think that revelation continues to this day, and that we are always in communion with the spirit-world. The spirits give us our hymns and our music."

They had both taken their share of the labour, Lorenzo being in the herb and seed shop, while Althea taught in the school; and they were perfectly contented until, as Lorenzo expresses it, they "got to feelin' foolish about each other." Had the Family sanctioned matrimony, they would gladly have remained within its shelter; but marrying and giving in marriage does not enter into the "angelic life," and so after much earnest discussion, and much prayerful searching of spirit, this conscientious young pair decide to take the momentous step and go forth into the "world outside."

We follow their adventures with a sympathetic interest that finds something of pathos as well as humour in the story of their brief pilgrimage. We first make their acquaintance on the train that is speeding them toward Saratoga, where they have decided to have the ceremony; and we find Lorenzo far more at ease in the situation than Althea, whose conscience is active.

"Oh, Lorenzo, do you think we're doing right?"

"I know we are! Why, Althea, it's what everybody does in the world outside."

But she is not so easily convinced.

"We are going to be of the earthly order, Lorenzo; we are going to give up the angelic life! Have you thought enough of it, Lorenzo? Do you think you have? Because if you haven't—"

"Why, haven't we both thought of it till we couldn't think any more? What did Friend Ella Shewall say? Didn't she say that we ought to take our feelin' for each other as a sign from spirit-land that we were meant for each other from all eternity?"

"Yee; but she isn't living with her own husband; she's trying to get a divorce from him, and she used to be so fond of him."

"Well, then, the signs failed in her case—"

"Oh, don't laugh at it, Lorenzo!"

They make heroic efforts to conform to the world outside in matters of speech, but find the habit of answering "yee" and "nay" a hard one to overcome.

"Oh, what's the use of yeeing it and naying it all the time, Althea? We've got to say yes and no after this."

But nevertheless they continue to *yee* it and *nay* it till the end. The contrast between the up-to-date appearance of

* The Day of their Wedding. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

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Saratoga and the two unworldly beings who so innocently invade it is delightfully set forth by Mr. Howells.

One would like to quote the whole of the chapter in which he describes their visit to the fashionable store, where Lorenzo manfully spends his money for Althea's adornment. When she appears, transformed by the magic of the new gown and its accessories into a vision of style and beauty, Lorenzo is petrified with delight. He can "only deeply murmur, 'Well, well!' and stare and stare." After he has purchased for himself the latest style of straw hat and a white tie, the innocent satisfaction of the pair with themselves and with each other gives us a sympathetic thrill of pleasure. They encounter a smart young fellow with a pair of horses and a surrey, who takes them for a drive to the lake, and gives them much information about Saratoga, its hotels, and its wickedness. As to the hotels, he says:

"If you want old-family business, I sh'd go to the States; and if you want all the earth can give in the way of solid comfort, I sh'd go to Congress Hall; and if you want something very tony, I sh'd go to the Windsor; but if you're in for all the life you can get, and all the distinguished visitors, and the big politicians, and style, and jewelry, and full band all the while, you want to go to the Grand Union."

Before they finally find themselves at the doors of the latter hostelry, they make a visit to a young minister, whom the smart young driver has recommended to them as being the only minister in Saratoga who has the "gall" to preach against gambling. But though he receives them kindly, and does his best to reassure Althea, whose misgivings are again troubling her, she becomes suddenly fearful lest they may not have "thought it over" enough, and they go forth, still unwedded, into the bright sunshine. In justice to Lorenzo, it must be said that he feels none of the doubts that agitate Althea, and his patience in this somewhat trying situation is highly commendable. There comes then an hour—the very climax of their experience of worldly joys—when those doubtings and misgivings of Althea are apparently silenced forever. It is when they are seated on the piazza of the vast hotel, listening for the first time to the music of an orchestra. It is only an every-day concert, but to them it is a revelation of unheard-of bliss.

"Her hand found his at their side, and they sat with their fingers knitted together in the shelter of her drapery that flowed over them. The music that thrilled from the viols and violins, and breathed cool and piercing from the flutes and flageolets, seemed to claim Althea for the earth, and to fill her heart with a bliss of living."

They make the acquaintance of a young and vivacious bride, Mrs. Cargate, who immediately becomes affectionate and confidential with Althea, and after dinner insists upon taking her off for a tour of the shops. When Althea joins Lorenzo again, we can see that something is troubling her. She begs Lorenzo to tell her how, when, and why he first began to "feel foolish" about her, and for delightful *naïveté* his explanation is unrivalled. He remembers one day when he saw her in the march at meetin', and there was something in the way she stepped off and the way she turned at the corners and the way she carried her head that made him feel as if he "was drawed by a rope and couldn't get away." He thought she had beautiful eyes, and there was something about her voice when he picked it out in the singing that seemed to go *through* him, and though he "don't feel anyways sure it's right to speak of such things," he confesses that he thought—he thought she had a nice figure.

And then Althea tells him what made her feel foolish about *him*. It was because he was so tall and strong-looking, and he had pretty eyelashes, and his hair had such a wave in it when it was long, and his mouth curved so at the corners, and he had such a deep voice. And there was one time when they were all berrying, that she hurt her foot, and when he lifted her over the wall—she did not want him to put her down! Then she tells him what pretty Mrs. Cargate has been telling her.

"She says she has been in love with lots of men."

"'Well, well,' said Lorenzo.

"And she has got their pictures and they have got hers. . . . She says that her husband says he first felt foolish about her when we saw her eating candy, and carrying on, as she calls it, with some other girls; and it was her regular teeth and red lips when she was eating that made him feel so."

"'It's kind of— sickish,' said Lorenzo."

"It's kind of—sickish," said Lorenzo, but she pitilessly continues, and relates further details of the gross and earthly beginnings of Mr. and Mrs. Cargate's

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"sickish" love; and then we discover that her mind is tracing a fatal resemblance between that love and their own innocent admiration for each other. Althea's conscience is wide awake, and it is the beginning of the end. But, nevertheless, she insists upon going immediately to the minister, who this time succeeds in uniting them irrevocably as man and wife. It may be, perhaps, half an hour later that Lorenzo enters their room and finds his little bride arrayed in complete Shaker costume, bonnet and all. The old feelings and the old habits of life are "too strong" for her, and she has put aside her worldly hopes and desires with her pretty gown. Lorenzo acquiesces to all this with surprising meekness, in which we can detect a secret relief at the thought of escaping from the world outside. It is with mingled feelings of regret and relief that we watch them setting forth at the close of that eventful wedding-day, with their faces turned toward the Family and Shakerdom; but we cannot feel that our curiosity concerning them has been rightfully appeased until Mr. Howells consents at some future time to answer the question that vexes us, Were they, after all, contented to remain there?

Helena J. Albro.

NEW ORLEANS.*

The subtle qualities of certain localities, an indefinable aura, that makes them at once attractive or indifferent, if not repulsive, to us, is stronger in cities than in little-populated districts; yet it does not spring from social any more than from geographical conditions; and although in a measure a concomitant of the ever-felt presence of man, is not determinately of his making. What is it in Venice, Prague, Heidelberg, Quebec, Rome that fascinates the traveller and draws him to them again and again? And why is it that cities architecturally and topographically superior to some of these—Paris, Vienna, Milan, London, New York—he leaves unmoved? As well try to submit to exact analysis the magnetism of those plain women, met once or twice in a lifetime, who, like Madame de Maintenon, win and wear hearts which their more beautiful sisters, the Montespans, may for a time enslave, but cannot hold in bondage.

That New Orleans is a city which belongs pre-eminently to the former class—though she, assuredly, is not plain—and that the charm she exercises is at once potent and enduring are facts brought to mind afresh by the enthusiasm of her latest historian and the quick response of public sympathy and interest, attested by the call for a second edition a few months after the first appearance of the book. Few cities in the new world could warrant or sustain with credit the wealth of literature which has had its immediate inspiration in the romantic past and picturesque present of that most old-world corner of the United States. Miss King acknowledges her indebtedness to the historian of Louisiana, Charles Gayarré, to whose work, despite its amplitude, hers has proved a welcome supplement, not only because of the richness of the subject, but also on account of her readiness, quickened in the field of fiction, to seize everywhere, in addition to mere historical detail, upon all that is most stimulative of the imagination in the many vicissitudes that have marked the development of the fiery little Franco-Spanish settlement into one of the most placid cities of America. With a true artist's touch she dwells lovingly upon the brilliant, sensuous colouring of the pictures of those gay, ante-bellum days, when the European intruders were infected with the spirit of courtliness and hospitality of the older settlers, who celebrated every event of importance, even their defeats, with magnificent ceremonies. We could have wished that she might have lingered still longer among the traditions of that unique epoch; false or true, our eyes, habituated but not resigned to the prosaic thrift of later days, would fain be dazzled by visions of that plantation life where, like a feudal lord, the master ruled his little principality despotically but often kindly, and always with splendid ostentation. Still, notwithstanding the comparative cursoriness with which these interesting phases of New Orleans life are treated, in order, no doubt, to make room for more vital subjects, they have been by no means neglected; for Miss King, while describing and expounding the political events,

* New Orleans: the Place and the People. By Grace King. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.50.

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never fails to suggest by broad, vivid sketches the home life of the people of the time. She has the ability—rare in the historian—of discerning and giving due place to the specific features of interest in the personality of the actors in the historic drama, and at the same time of following unfalteringly the true line of its growth, avoiding, on the one hand, the dryness of a plain record of facts, and on the other the tediousness of the biographer. She has found the happy mean between the old Greek type—art above truth—and the new sociological type that between great truths and immutable laws grinds mere individuality to amorphism. The balance is preserved, too, without resort to distortion or superficiality. The accuracy of her narrative has not been questioned, and the tone of impartiality is generally well preserved, while the quick-shifting scenes are set before us with a realism that serves to complete the illusion of history acted instead of only recorded.

The title of the book, however, gives but a vague idea of the contents, suggesting as it does a study of the New Orleans of to-day, with its unique social conditions—descendants of its former landed proprietors, impoverished by the Civil War, doing menial work, serving in shops during the day and at night resuming among their social equals their proper station, which has never been questioned or disregarded. Miss King has chosen rather to review the early settlement of the city, its prosperous life as a French dependency, followed by the occupancy of the Spaniards, who became so speedily amalgamated with the existing order of things that scarcely any change was felt, and, finally, its growth under the American dominion. Full justice is done to the rôles of such foreign aggressors as Ulloa and Unzaga; even "Bloody" O'Reilly having, as the author says, some items to his credit. It is only when the "Yankees" come upon the stage that the fanatical Northerner, if he still exists, might think that her impartiality shows faint signs of flagging. And even he will hardly hold her without excuse when he looks back upon the outrages she briefly describes—property confiscations without the shadow of law or justice; negro soldiers harrying the populace; arrests on any and every charge; women and children bullied and maltreated, and their civil status reduced below that of their former slaves. The author tells us that many of the Federal soldiers themselves protested against the orders they were expected to carry out. Them she fully exonerates; but for Butler, the fountain-head of all the unnecessary misery which flooded the country, she has not one word of palliation, unless it is found in the following anecdote, told in illustration of the acquisitiveness of the hated Federal commander. A gentleman who had suffered under "Beast Butler," as he was almost universally called in Louisiana in those days, related that "some years after he left New Orleans he happened to be on a steamer at Nassau, and observing some negro boatmen alongside throwing over meat to an enoromus shark which they called Butler, he asked them why they applied such a name to an honest shark. They said it was because he kept away all other sharks from the bay, so as to have all the prey for himself." There are only brief allusions to the relations of slave and master, and in them it is the sunny side (save in one or two extracts from the diaries of travellers mildly commenting on the inexpediency of slave-dealing) that is presented. The dark stories of cruelty and injustice of the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* stamp Miss King no doubt thought too well known to need mention.

She has presented no new historical facts of importance, but she has shown how tradition may be made to connect and explain events that mark the progress of a most interesting place and people.

Claire Le Franc Wright.

A NOVEL OF EMOTION.*

Miss Phelps's last published story, *The Supply at Saint Agatha's*, is not in itself of importance to the reviewer except as it emphasises the special quality of the author's recent noteworthy novel. Both stories make the spiritual appeal their end; and the subject of that appeal in each case is the human significance of the Christian Gospel. We should say that the artistic power of Miss Phelps's

* A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.
The Supply at Saint Agatha's. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.

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work was largely, perhaps chiefly, the power of religious emotion. A recent critic of Ian Maclaren has set the humourist in the author over against the sentimentalist or religious enthusiast, and has granted him artistic success on the strength of his claim to the first character. Yet that largeness of emotion which characterises the religious temperament is for most of us the final charm of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, combined as it is there with so much exquisite humanism. We have raised a high artistic standard for the novelist of observation in contemporary psychology and manners; and the best of them are living up to it very conscientiously. Suddenly a book appears which unlocks the emotions, and we feel that literature has a power which contemporary realists have too generally forgotten. Of course there are classes of popular books that have no other quality than such an assault on the feelings—"emotion for the penny papers, excitement for the twopenny, self sacrifice for the religious"—these are not to be reckoned with in literary criticism. When a book is written in which the emotional inspiration is genuine because its writer looks at life with the sincerity of an artist, then we have what is best and most unusual in literature.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me" is the text of *A Singular Life*, and the substitute at Saint Agatha's preaches from the words, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" and "For the Lord is the maker of you all." Miss Phelps is recurring to her old theme, the imitation of Christ. The subject is, in the present days of Brotherhood Churches and men of Dr. Herron's stamp, timely. Yet Miss Phelps's novel does not belong with *Marcella* or *Transition*. It deals with a problem that is older than modern socialism, and that has given literature its dramatic conflicts even before Christianity came to blaze it upon the conscience. Which serves best the ends of life?—the giving or the saving of the individual. Miss Phelps has presented it strongly in *A Singular Life*. The hero, Bayard, who tries to vindicate the brotherhood of man in Christ at the little Christ-Love Mission in the fishing town of Windover, has the deep-felt instinct for a life of refinement, beauty, and social enjoyment which comes with gentlemanly birth, and which his mission obliges him to deny. But his chief struggle is not the choice between social poverty or wealth; it is more intensely dramatic. For it becomes the conflict between faithfulness to an almost forlorn cause and the fulfilment of a well-nigh overmastering love for a woman. There are few novels of genuine passion to-day, and *A Singular Life* is undoubtedly such an one, in which the personal passion would not vindicate its own rights. Miss Phelps follows the lead of a disused ideal when she makes Bayard faithful to the impersonal service. Yet there is no professional twang in her altruism. There is no asceticism in her ideal or renunciation for its own sake apart from the demands of larger service. Bayard claims Helen in the end, when he is able to do so without sacrificing his mission.

"If God and Love had collided—but, thank God, He and Love were one."

"Lord, I have groped after Thee, to know Thy will, and to do it if I could. I never expected to be happy. Dost Thou mean this draught of human joy for *me?*"

The little sketch just published, *The Supply at Saint Agatha's*, emphasises another side of Bayard's imitation of Christ—that is, the largeness of life that comes with the love of humanity. Saint Agatha's is a correct and altogether orthodox congregation. The supply comes to preach to those well-educated Christians the old story of the humility of Christ that calls all men brethren; and it seems to them a new and amazing Gospel. All this, the theme and the point of view, may not be uncommon in Sunday-school literature; but when rediscovered by an artist, it becomes impressive. The author has given us before disinterested studies of human nature in which even a Frenchman could not discover an inartistic morality. *The Story of Avis* is simple presentation—the study of a woman's passion. In the author's weaker moments we think she has sometimes fallen below artistic sincerity into something near literary sentimentalism. *A Singular Life* is free of this failing. In it the keen student of human nature and the spiritual enthusiast meet. Helen is the foil to Bayard's somewhat rarefied spirituality. She is, as her lover says, something better than spiritual; she is womanly. This book owns love passages which are as human and vivid as any-

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thing in *Avis*, and I know of no love more throbbing and convincing, more touched with peculiar yearning than that in Miss Phelps's powerful passages.

I believe it is George Eliot who said that the success of a woman novelist lies in her ability to feel and write like a woman, in emancipation from the masculine literary influence. Miss Phelps is forever the woman, and I suppose that is why she gives us the novel of emotion rather than the novel of manners or sociological report, and that her highest gift of passion is spiritual. And as emotion is a subordinate quality, at any rate with the present American novel of repute, we feel grateful that an author of quite subtle intellectual power does not rest her success on intellectualism. Miss Phelps's technique goes without saying; it has the power of an inspired rather than a studied effect. Perhaps that is because the great emotion—the chief end of her book—is always what she is feeling most deeply. From this results a certain unconsciousness on her part as to literary ways and means, which in turn diverts the reader from an appreciation of technicalities in her work. He feels himself subject first and last to the emotional appeal.

Edith Baker Brown.

BAYARD TAYLOR.*

It is probable that of all the American writers who attained a real reputation in the middle of the present century, Bayard Taylor is to-day the least read. His is still a very well-known name, but except for his translation of *Faust*, and possibly his *Views Afoot*, the reading public has turned its back upon his works. Mr. Smyth has, we think, recognised this fact, and has therefore very wisely laid a good deal of stress in the present volume upon the incidents of Mr. Taylor's life which have a perennial interest because they recall so vividly the provincial period of our literature, and because in reading of them we get such curious pictures of a gradual evolution. The bareness of his early environment, his yearning for a larger, richer world, his pathetic struggle to scrape enough money together for a glimpse at the Paradise that lay beyond the sea—one can read and reread the pages that depict these things. The processes of his self-education, the absurd yet touching seriousness with which he viewed his own productions, his letter to Lowell in which he speaks of himself with hobbledehoy gravity as a "Bard," his faith in himself, and his heroic struggles toward something better that he half divined—what a romance! Getting together something less than two hundred dollars, he is at last ready to visit Europe, then distant a three weeks' sail; he walks all the way to Washington (a hundred miles) to secure a passport, being absolutely ignorant of how it could be got by mail. He tramps the whole distance there and back, drinking out of slimy ditches through his teeth, lest he swallow the tadpoles and water-beetles; and then, getting his passport, he sails on the *Oxford* at a rate below the steerage charges of to-day, though to be sure the ten dollars did not include the cost of his food and bedding. In Europe it is the same—lodging in Whitechapel at a shilling a day, getting board in Germany, *tout compris*, for thirty-three cents a day, and living in Italy on six cents a day. He starts to walk from Marseilles to Paris with a capital of fifteen francs, but is laid up at Lyons in pawn after more than a week of tramping in a winter rain-storm. Mr. Greeley wrote of this that one might better postpone a European trip until he had something more than a sheet of paper between himself and starvation; and this remark was good common sense. There seems, however, to have been something ominous in this beginning of Taylor's career, for he was always more or less straitened for money. Even when he was at the height of his reputation, he had his poems rejected by Mr. Howells, then editor of the *Atlantic;* his *Tribune* stock yielded no dividends, and he was often painfully pinched; so that, although Taylor was himself of a jovial, magnetic temperament, this record of his sordid cares gives one a very creepy feeling. Readable is the account of the would-be Bohemian set in New York in the early sixties—the *poseurs* who displayed their frowsy and wholly studied dissipation at Pfaff's, with towels about their heads and poems in their pockets

* Bayard Taylor. By Albert H. Smyth. American Men of Letters Series. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

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and a poor appetite for food. Blessed be goodness that we have got beyond that pitiful period, even though the Tenderloin Club of to-day be in reality far more reprehensible.

Mr. Smyth has, on the whole, done his work exceedingly well, with no gush and with a discriminating sense of Taylor's limitations. He does not hesitate to speak of one of Taylor's stories as "unpleasant," with "shallow characters" and "shabby surroundings;" and the Fifth Chapter has many judicious bits of criticism, while always full of sympathy and real appreciation for whatever was good in Taylor's work. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who is the general editor of this series, should require his writers to know something of what has already been published in it; for Mr. Smyth in his preface speaks of his book as "the first biography of a Middle State writer that has appeared in the Men of Letters Series." But what were the lives of Cooper and Irving? Or must we revise our geographies, and admit that Pennsylvania is the only Middle State?

It is a curious fact, by the way, that so few of the original announcements in this Series have been carried out as made. Thus, the life of Willis was to have been done by Mr. Aldrich, and has, in fact, been written by Professor Beers; that of Simms was assigned to Mr. Cable, and written by Professor Trent; that of Hawthorne to Lowell, and written by Professor Woodberry; while the present volume was originally given to Mr. Hazzard. We note also that no life of Prescott, or of Lowell, or of Bancroft has yet been announced at all.

H. T. P.

A BRIEF FOR THE DEFENCE.*

Is Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith a lawyer? We know him to be several other things—contractor, bridge builder, architect, besides an artist of no mean repute both with pen and pencil—and though we are, alas! not as familiar with his "early years and education" as we should be for the better argument of our own fame, the skill with which he has pleaded the case of Tom Grogan *vs.* organised labour in general, and the Stevedores' Union in particular, would seem to argue a certain acquaintance with judicial methods and with the vulnerable points of the intelligent American juror.

The first scene is admirably calculated to create a favourable impression on behalf of the heroine, or perhaps of the cause (if such there be) for which she stands. A new sea-wall is in process of construction, and a certain portion of the same must be finished before the beginning of the winter, under penalties to the contractor too dire to be contemplated with equanimity. The thermometer shows signs of a "drop," and simultaneously there is a delay in the work, which Babcock, the contractor referred to, rushes to investigate, and meets for the first time Tom Grogan, who has worked for him for some years, but whose face in the flesh he has never seen; chiefly, we imagine, because he was unacquainted with her portrait by Mr. Reinhart. For Tom is a woman; nor that only, but a woman with a history and a mystery. She has once had a husband, but whether this the legal owner of her masculine title is dead or alive, in an insane asylum or a hospital for cripples, we are for a long while left in doubt. We fancy, however, that the existing Tom is rather more than his fair representative—considerably better than his better half. Setting aside the special pleading in his choice of a champion for the cause he advocates—and surely an artist has the right to select his own scenes and characters—Mr. Hopkinson Smith has done a fine piece of work in the delineation of this gallant Amazon; a portrait (if one grant the outlines) entirely without exaggeration. Such as she, physically, were doubtless the attendants upon the Princess Ida, these

> "Daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
> Huge women, blowzed with health, and wind, and rain, and labour."

Tom Grogan can drive her fist through a board fence; she can "down" any man who dares to stand up to her. She is brave morally as physically, industrious, thrifty, and devoted to the interests of her employer; in short, she is everything that the American workingman ought to be, and, alas! is not—that is, not invariably. But even wom-

* Tom Grogan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

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en like Tom Grogan are not exactly numerous. In the crisis above alluded to she comes to the rescue of Babcock's contract and the safety of the sea-wall in a truly feminine and magnificent manner; she works day and night, and refuses extra compensation. Now, if there be one thing above another that goes to the spot with an American juror, it is public spirit such as this, especially if he be not required to imitate the same; the author's case is, therefore, won from this moment; he could almost have done it under masculine championship. When he proceeds to develop the "eternally feminine" side of Tom's character it is probably because he, as well as Babcock, has fallen in love with her. How could he help it? But he knows too much to allow her to marry Babcock; it might be better for the artistic completeness of the tale, but it would prejudice his verdict. For now he begins the examination of his witnesses; or, to change our metaphor a little, he mixes his darkest colours in order to draw for us that distinguished personage who is frequently said to be less black than the conventional method of treating him. Tom has incurred the anger of the Stevedores' Union, or Branch No. 3 of the Knights of Labour, as it is otherwise termed (to the mental confusion and moral discomposure of this reviewer), by refusing to join the organisation. Her reasons seem to be twofold: one relating to business, and one to the eternally feminine. This union, or some member thereof perhaps, she believes to have caused the accident (?) which deprived her of her husband. Besides, she can underbid its members in the matter of contracts for hauling if she is not compelled to pay Union prices to her employés; and Tom has the true feminine thrift. Moreover, the employés do not need such high wages; they are (for just here the spirit of truth in the artist led the author into a rather damaging admission) either boys or unmarried men. And that she is helping to lower wages for the whole trade, and taking the bread out of the mouths of women and children, Mr. Hopkinson Smith's delightful skill in word painting and the creation of strong dramatic situations tend to conceal even from the very elect. Despite ourselves our sympathies are with the woman who is defending her life and her "job" against such a set of ruffians as may exist in a jail or in the purlieus of "Deadman's Roost" and similar localities, but certainly not within the confines of any labour organisation with which the present writer is personally acquainted. We know better; but we thrilled uncontrollably when Tom's stable was set on fire and her horses burned; when the last moment arrived for the signing of the contract, and we knew her to be lying, perhaps dead, upon the floor of her stable, felled by a dastardly club in the hands of the representative of Branch No. 3, Knights of Labour. And then when she stalked in, silent and bloody, signed her name and disappeared without a word, we didn't know whether it was she or her ghost; and oh! how delightfully scared we were!

But an author has a right to make his situations as strong as he knows how to do short of actual impossibility; he has also a right to all the special pleading he can get in if he holds a brief for either side. What we do most seriously question, however, is his right to neglect informing himself of facts, and to blur technicalities, trusting for the concealment of his indolence or insincerity to the illiteracy of the other side, and the ignorance of the general public. What, for example, does Mr. Hopkinson Smith mean by terming the labour organisation where he locates all his bad characters indiscriminately a union and a "branch," whatever that may be, of the Knights of Labour? Does he imagine for an instant that the millennium has arrived, and that the Knights and the Federation of Labour are lying down together and letting Mr. Hopkinson Smith lead them? The proper term for the K. of L. is "assembly," whether local, district, or general; the numerals attached to a local assembly are never less than three figures, seldom less than four; all which has a meaning for the initiate. "Branch No. 3" is an impossibility in terminology, which would be amusing if it did not make one sad. But this is not all; the dues in this union are two dollars a month—a blunder which one could excuse if a strong forensic point were not made of it, with special emphasis upon the capacity of the organisation. This reviewer corrected her own vivid impression on the subject by a reference to one of the vice-presidents of the American (national)

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Federation, and received his official assurance that not an organisation in the country pays more than one dollar a month, and that the usual dues are fifty cents. The only union paying even one dollar is the cigar-makers', which is practically coextensive with the trade; and the dues include all the features of the workingman's insurance, against sickness, death, etc., and entitle him to benefits and privileges too numerous to mention. These are dry details; did they appertain to the guilds of the Middle Ages, how sedulously Mr. Hopkinson Smith would have informed himself on the subject before attempting to introduce it into a novel! And how the critics would have howled if he had blundered! This present critic claims the same privilege.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

COMEDIES OF COURTSHIP.*

Mr. Anthony Hope is original, and original with a light-handed grace not too often found in English writers of fiction. His *Comedies of Courtship* remind one of pretty dances. The step of the dancers is light and firm, the figures graceful and lively. The whole leaves a sense of harmony and completeness. As in a dance, too, the people are real, the movements artificial. The plots of these tales can scarcely be taken quite seriously. But the young men and women in whom Mr. Hope delights, and makes us delight, talk and behave in the most natural manner. Through these comedies there runs a spice of smiling mischief—it is not even a distant cousin to cynicism—which unites the reader and author in bonds of pleasant fraternity.

It is a skilful thing to place behind his smiling groups, as Mr. Hope sometimes does, a background of slightly but well-defined tragedy—a ghastly or pathetic bygone incident of family history, against which plays the modern scene. Tennis parties, afternoon tea; the bright girls with the ready tongues, and the men who answer deliberately but so much to the point also, are haunted—pleasantly haunted—by the shadow of the past. Between the whiffs of the cigarettes you see the plaintive eyes of a Lady Agatha of a former age looking down on her descendants from a portrait on the wall; and you suspect that by some imaginative laws of heredity she guides the freakish plot.

Merimée was a great master of this art of threading a tragic underplot with the every-day realism of a modern tale which Mr. Hope also uses. The Frenchman had the stronger grasp, without doubt. He could wind in a streak of the supernatural, making it run unobtrusively but surely on amid the modern incidents, till at last it laid a hand of horror upon you. Yet his art was to make the terror elude you as you sought to grasp it. In *Lokis*, in the *Venus d'Ile*, *Madame Lucrézia*, you may stop at any moment and say: "But this moonshine is incredible;" and the author can gravely reply, "Of course it is"—and the tale flows on quite smoothly without it. But while admitting the superior power of Merimée, it is only proper to add that Anthony Hope, in his graceful and brilliant tales, never finds it necessary to have recourse to disagreeable combinations and situations without which human emotion, for the last thirty years, has seemed to be non-existent to even the best of the French writers of fiction. The quarrels, reconciliations, the whimsicalities, the veerings and changes of sentiment which make the *raison d'être* of the *Comedies of Courtship*, are those of right-minded, well-bred people, whose sentiments in every case do them honour. No circumstances ever make Mr. Hope's young men anything but nice fellows and gentlemen; even when their manners and bearing—always as natural as they are excellent—are severely tried. "It is not very easy," says Mr. Hope, speaking of Willie Prime, "to assert social position when one has nothing on and only one's head out of water, but Willie did it." As to the plots, one must not cavil at the sentimental inconsistencies of the "Curate of Pottons" or those of Mary and John, Dora and Charlie, in the "Wheel of Love," nor at the reconciling bomb which reassorted the wavering couples. We must remember these are only the figures of the dance, the changing of partners, the little confusion of the "grand round." At the end they are all in place again, and move gracefully

* Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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and with laughter—in which we join heartily—off the stage.

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD.*

Dr. Conan Doyle has never done anything better than this—and, remembering the good things he has already given us, this is saying a good deal. If this book had appeared ten years ago it would have made a great impression. But it is the fate of a novelist who has made a new departure to be quickly followed by a score of imitators, and only the sifting power of time can give him the distinction he deserves. Mr. Conan Doyle's work will *keep*. It has the salt of an excellent style; and when a score of books of a like kind are dead and forgotten, his will be read.

The adventures of the brave, vain, light-hearted French soldier, a Gil Blas of the Grande Armée, are carried on chapter by chapter, each complete in itself, and you may take up the book at any point, as you can Le Sage's immortal tale, and find it entertaining.

We read how the Brigadier gets into Dartmoor prison, and how he gets out again; how he fights brigands and makes his way into the Castle of Gloom, the abode of heroes of the Reign of Terror; how he rescues ladies, and takes part in every kind of midnight exploit, coming miraculously out of each with a whole skin. One comes almost to like the bold, boasting fellow, who has a laugh and a blow for every man, and a retort for even the great Monsieur de Talleyrand. Perhaps the story of his friendship with the young English officer, "The Bart." as he calls him, is the best of his adventures. "If I had not travelled," says Gerard, "I should not be able to say with confidence that the young man's real name was Milor, the Hon. Sir Russell, Bart., the last being an honourable distinction . . . as in Spanish one might say 'the Don.'" Gerard meets the great Napoleon several times, and acts as the Emperor's messenger and attendant under very strange circumstances. A student of history may try to confute Gerard as to these strange episodes in the history of Napoleon, but to such he says: "You must always bear in mind that you are listening to one who has seen history from the inside." So we take in good faith the scene where Napoleon permits a faithful servant to be assassinated in his place, and the scene in the Castle of Hof when the young soldier poet, Körner, turns the scale in favour of the *Tugend Bund*, and rouses the assembly to a fury of patriotism by singing a song of the Fatherland. Carrying papers from Napoleon to the Prince of Saxe Felstein, the objects of which are to win over the wavering allegiance of the German prince to the French side, Gerard is waylaid by the patriotic wife of the prince, and is beguiled of the precious papers. He comes near being hanged by the German soldiers. But out of this difficult situation he is extricated by the princess herself. "My heart is German and yours is French," she says; "the game is played and won; why should we bear malice?" So the Brigadier rides off to another adventure.

* The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

BENEDETTI'S DEFENCE.*

After the disastrous struggle with Germany, the wrath of the French people vented itself with little discrimination upon all the leading agents of the imperial policy; and Count Benedetti, Napoleon's ambassador at Berlin, came in for more than his share of abuse. The prejudice against him was increased by the allegations of his former chief, the Duc de Gramont, who endeavoured to lessen his own burden of responsibility as Foreign Minister by charging Benedetti with mismanagement of the negotiations at Ems. In the last essay in this volume Benedetti repeats, with some additional details, the story already told by him in *Ma Mission en Prusse*. In a lengthy preface he discusses the entire question of the origin of the war, and endeavours to impose the responsibility upon Prussia. He writes with two distinct objects in view: to defend his own reputation as a diplomatist by shifting the blame of the rupture at Ems from himself to Gramont, and to protect the good name of his country by diverting the censure of the world from France

* Studies in Diplomacy. From the French of Count Benedetti. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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to Germany. These aims do not prove wholly compatible. He shows without difficulty that he obtained at Ems the satisfaction which Gramont had originally instructed him to seek, and that the unfavourable termination of the negotiations was due to Gramont's new demands; and he shared the opinion of the world at large that these new demands were unnecessary and irritating. He claims that Bismarck desired war and ultimately forced it by the offensive manner in which he published the rejection of Gramont's final demands; but he insists, with undeniable logic, that Bismarck could not have published the rejection, offensively or in any other way, if Gramont had not caused the demands to be made.

In discussing an earlier episode—that of the draft treaty of 1866, which provided for the annexation of Belgium by France, and which he wrote with his own hand and left with Bismarck—Benedetti reiterates the explanation he gave in 1871. He avoids the phrase which then excited the incredulous mirth of Europe, that he had written "sous la dictation" of Bismarck, but he maintains that Bismarck was the author of the proposal that France should take Belgium. In this case he attempts to save the honour of France at the cost of his own reputation for intelligence. If the proposal was really Bismarck's, why did Benedetti put it into writing? That was Bismarck's business. If it was to be transmitted to Napoleon for his consideration, why did not Benedetti transmit it? Why did he leave it with Bismarck? If the proposal came from Napoleon, it was certainly careless to leave in Bismarck's hands such clear evidence of French unscrupulousness; but if the proposal was Bismarck's, Benedetti's conduct was simply imbecile. In all other instances, however, he has no difficulty in showing that he served his country discreetly and well—a fact thoroughly recognised by all German writers at least.

The bulk of the book consists of three articles which appeared in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* between 1890 and 1894. In "The Triple Alliance" and in "Armed Peace" he maintains that the union between Germany, Austria, and Italy is not a guarantee of European peace, but a menace to it; that Italy has no interest in the alliance; that the military burden under which Europe is staggering is wholly due to Prussian aggressions. In "The Emperor and Prince Bismarck"—an essay which, by a singular typographical error, is not included in the table of contents—he endeavours to show that justice has not been done to William I.; that he was quite as clear-headed, ambitious, and unscrupulous as his chancellor, but more hypocritical.

In his narrative of events, Benedetti is generally careful and exact; but there are some exceptions. His statement that Bismarck was in Berlin for several days prior to July 13th, 1870, is untrue—Bismarck reached Berlin on the 12th; and the misstatement is of importance, because it constitutes a link in Benedetti's attempt to demonstrate that the King and Bismarck were playing a preconcerted game. The assertion that Bismarck's famous "alteration" of the dispatch from Ems on July 13th "informed Europe that an ambassador at Ems had been humiliated" is an exaggeration. Bismarck's version only created the impression that the termination of the negotiations between King William and Benedetti had been more abrupt than was really the case. Again, it is hard to understand what Benedetti means by repeatedly calling Prince Leopold, the candidate for the Spanish throne, King William's "nephew." Except by dynastic etiquette, he was not even a "cousin," as Gramont termed him. Finally, Benedetti constantly asserts that Bismarck initiated the Spanish candidacy of Leopold in 1869; whereas it was not until 1870 that he began to support it. In 1869 he was opposed to it.

The book is full of repetitions, and the style is everywhere fatiguingly diffuse. If Benedetti was as long-winded in diplomatic intercourse as he is in his writings, Bismarck must have found it very easy to carry out the policy of "dilatory negotiations" with him. The translation seems to be very literal; it is full of French idioms. In some cases, in order to be sure of the meaning of a sentence, the reader has to reconstruct the probable original.

Munroe Smith.

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NOVEL NOTES.

BATTLEMENT AND TOWER. By Owen Rhoscomyl. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

This new work, presumably by a Welsh writer, who has made some reputation abroad by another recent book, is handicapped by being one of too many historical novels. It is better, however—far better—than most of its kind, in that it is much more spirited. There is no lagging nor dragging here. The story of the young Welsh chieftain who comes to England seeking new fortunes on the eve of the Revolution that beheaded Charles I. is stirring, if not entirely coherent. It is not always clear who the fighters are or what they are fighting about; but there is, nevertheless, a vivid realisation of ferocious warfare. The whole atmosphere of the work is filled with the tramp of marching armies, the rattle of arms, the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums. The great fight is the battle of Naseby, and a short extract will show how strong, and fresh, and fine the descriptive work is.

"Back to back the grim remnant gathered; heaps and lines of dead around them and the mound of slain within. There was no cry for quarter; no answer to the eager shout of victory; no taunt to follow the gibe. Stern as Doom, silent as Fate, they fought on in terrible silence, as if they had been a ghostly host in some awful dream."

Had the work been more consistent in excellence and devoid of its many weakening lapses, and had the author's constructive skill equalled his descriptive power, *Battlement and Tower* might have approached greatness. It is eminently readable as it is, notwithstanding its incoherence, its counterplots, its trapdoors, its assassinations, and its abductions—the creaking and worn-out machinery of the old-fashioned romance.

EMMA LOU—HER BOOK. By Mary M. Mears. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

We are somewhat confused concerning this nondescript. If this *Emma Lou—Her Book* be the "Emma Low"—*her* book reviewed in *The Bookbuyer*, then we have not read the young woman aright. For the work is characterised by our honoured contemporary as "the diary of a Western girl, whose highly serious and lofty views of life supply an unconscious element of humour." Not only have we failed to find anything either uplifting or humorous in the work, but we are also unable to see why highly serious and lofty views of life entertained by a girl of eighteen or any one else should supply an element of humour, unconscious or otherwise.

We are further bewildered by the attitude of the preface of the book. This states that the work is given to the public in the form in which it was written, "as far as is compatible with modern methods of book-making." Thus prepared for something quite old-fashioned, if not actually antique, it is with a sort of mental jolt that we find the date of the writing set down as 1891. The sensation of blank flatness that falls forthwith lasts to the end throughout the two hundred and fifty pages. Beginning with bewilderment, we finished with surprise, that any one could draw out inanities to such length; and, most of all, that a publisher had been found for such a meaningless performance in these days, when the literary standard is higher than ever before and book-making has become the finest of fine arts.

EKKEHARD, A TALE OF THE TENTH CENTURY. By Joseph Viktor von Scheffel. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 2 vols. $2.50.

In the biographical sketch, by Nathan Haskell Dole, which introduces the reader to Von Scheffel's charming romance of the Middle Ages, the translator says: "*Ekkehard* is no alien, stiff, unnatural, mediæval monstrosity, but a life drama worked out with human beings, thinking natural thoughts, doing natural deeds, alive with real, not galvanised life; at the same time it is felt to be true to its epoch; and this union of qualities gives it, and especially gave it when it first appeared, an epoch-making significance. It founded a school of historic fiction in Germany; but by a strange fate the imitations, or rather offshoots, are better known to English-speaking people than the prototype."

Ekkehard has always been immensely popular in Germany. It has passed its 138th edition there, and those

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familiar with the romance will not be surprised at this. In this country Von Scheffel is better known as the author of *Der Trompeter von Saekkingen*, and in his native land is best recognised by his student-poetry, dear to the heart of every lusty student of Heidelberg, Göttingen, Bonn, or Berlin. Mr. Dole does not set up a false claim. *Ekkehard* is strikingly real. There is in the narrative historical exactitude so far as fidelity to customs, manners, and conditions is concerned. Incident may be perverted, but only to make the romantic interest greater. As the founder of a German school of novelists the author deserves much praise when we remember what an outflow of charming historical romances have followed *Ekkehard*, and the field is still far from being exhausted.

Hardly less interesting than the story is the biography of its author, for Von Scheffel's life was replete with romance and the erraticism of genius. The story is in two volumes, prettily bound and finely illustrated by Liezen-Mayer.

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN. By Max Pemberton. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

Mr. Pemberton may be called the Waring of fiction, for he wanders far afield in search of matter. Land travel and seafaring come alike to him. He has delighted us with his pirates, his sea wolves, smugglers, French nobles, and above all with his *Impregnable City*. In his new book he professes to give us "certain pages from the Life and Strange Adventures of Sir Nicolas Steele, Bart., as related by his valet Hildebrand Bigg." There is an archaic sound in the title, but we find Sir Nicolas living in a two-pair back, off Gower Street, amid surroundings quite squalid enough for Mr. Gissing, and at a date not much earlier than yesterday. Sir Nicolas has the reputation of a scoundrel, but Mr. Pemberton's villains wind themselves in a wonderful manner round the reader's heart. What reader of the *Iron Pirate*, for instance, has not a sincere affection for Captain Black? Hildebrand and his master wander much about the world and take their share in many adventures. Mr. Pemberton's numerous admirers should lose no time in making the acquaintance of this brilliant book.

THE BROOM SQUIRE. By S. Baring-Gould. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.

The Broom Squire must be described as a brutal book. It is a book from the reading of which one arises bruised and wounded. Some of its cruel, intolerable things will haunt you in your dreams. Mr. Baring-Gould has chosen a country we know well and love dearly —the Surrey country about Hindhead. He has worked up his historical and archæological material with his usual skill. But the fault, more or less common to all his books, of drawing characters without any of the elemental virtues, has completely overcome him here. A more horrible crew of people were never gathered together in this world. Even the heroine disappoints us at last, ending as a sentimental schoolmistress, while her lover, who had virtues in his youth, turns out an avaricious and conscienceless scoundrel. It is most deeply to be regretted that Mr. Baring-Gould's great talent should find such evil and sinister expression. We are sorry we ever read *The Broom Squire*, for we fear some of its horrors will haunt us when we are back on the Surrey moors again.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GUILLOTINE. By Harold Spender. New York: The Merriam Co. $1.00.

The French Revolution has supplied many a novelist with his incidents. But this one has the distinction of being good. Men and women have a way of looking unreal and stagey against an imposing background of history. Only the great masters can prevent this. With the dropping of familiar homely attitudes and interests, something of the kind is visible here, but not obtrusively; for we follow the characters with interest and feel this much of reality about them, that, save when they are acting historical parts known to us, we are not quite sure what they will do next. Elise, the heroine, who has the misfortune to be loved by Robespierre, and the happiness to be loved by better men, talks and looks, so far as we can see her, in the conventional style of a historical romance; but she is continually surprising us by her actions, her motives, and her thinking. Yet we are less touched by her love story than by the friendship between her lover, Louvier, and the aristocratic Saint-Saens.

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passages are always vivid, and none is more so than one which shows us Robespierre baited in the Convention.

THE CAVALIERS. By S. R. Keightly. New York: Harper & Bros.

In manner and matter this story is like many another. A brave-spirited lad becomes a brave and loyal gentleman, suffers much, fights stoutly, and sticks to a losing cause. All the conventional English virtues are packed into him. There are a thousand of his kind in English fiction. But if in the matter of originality, or as a study of human nature, it is not very valuable, it must be owned to be far above the average adventure story in literary workmanship and in liveliness of incident. There are pathetic passages, too, that move one by their genuineness. It is well illustrated by Mr. Vedder.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

OUR INDUSTRIAL UTOPIA AND ITS UNHAPPY CITIZENS. By David Hilton Wheeler. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Our Industrial Utopia" is about us, our author informs us. All the dreams of Utopia have made it a country of abundance.

> "A land of corn and wine and oil,
> Favoured with God's peculiar smile;
> With every blessing blessed."

We are living in the midst of it, the only Utopia there is or can be. We took possession "when invention found the steam engine and combining genius gathered in its harvests and scattered them broadcast over society." The trouble is, we have not realised our whereabouts. Men have assumed that, Utopia being a land of plenty, Utopians were a happy people. But abundance does not produce happiness; hence our failure to realise our whereabouts.

What we are really looking for is not Utopia (ou = not + topos = a place — not a place, nowhere), but Eutopia (eu = well, happily + topos = a place, a happy country). We have entered Utopia weeping and wailing. It is the wish of the author to comfort the mourners partly by pointing them to the riches of our Utopia, partly by laughing them out of imaginary sorrows, partly by exposing some of the inconsistencies of their alleged grievances.

This the writer proceeds to do in energetic fashion through two hundred or more pages. He is superficial and bombastic, and his language abounds in colloquialisms. He is oblivious of the fact that there is any problem of distribution. Some grains of wisdom, however, are scattered over his pages, and on the whole the book is healthy.

BY TANGLED PATHS: Stray Leaves from Nature's Byeways. By H. Mead Briggs. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.

The country through which we wander with this "idle fellow" by tangled paths is the land of hedgerows and long vistas and low skies and soft shadows, but the idle fellow is a lover of universal Nature, and he has the secret of her many moods and of her central heart whatever be the clime that varies her aspects. The writer has a most impressible style, which swings to the mood of the hour as it happens to find him—in the heart of Surrey, under an April shower, wandering by the riverside, following a woodland path or treading faded leaves. Like a limpid lake which reflects the ever-changing colours of the surrounding hills and the fleeting clouds in the overhanging sky, his pages glow and gloom as the shadows rest or pass. His love of Nature is contagious, and one cannot pass under the magic of his rustic song and not feel its spell. The imprint of Nature is over the whole book, and we derive that sense of pleasure from it which only comes from such work when it is steeped in the soil and has the stamp of sincerity upon it. The feeling of the writer is genuine, and always invests his pictures of rural life with a haunting human presence. These "stray leaves," it appears, were caught up here and there in the hurry of everyday existence and amid business cares, and the spirit of rest and dignified calm which the author seems to have won

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from Nature he has in turn conveyed to us who are also engaged in the madding crowd's ignoble strife. And such an one surely merits our gratitude.

LORENZO DE MEDICI AND FLORENCE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By E. Armstrong, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The "Heroes of the Nations" is a dramatic and popular title for a series which in this case at least has produced a technical treatise rather than a popular history. Mr. Armstrong lays little claim to original research. The object of his work is "to present within a moderate compass materials which previous biographers and historians have already used." And within these limits he has worked conscientiously. Five chapters out of the ten are occupied with Lorenzo's diplomatic relations, which seem here, as in the documental history, from which the author has gathered them, needlessly detailed to the unprofessional historian. Lorenzo's foreign diplomacy is thus summed up:

"Machiavelli believed only in the possibility of national existence by the means of political unity, and the foreign invasions had convinced him that the State could only be surely founded upon arms. . . . Lorenzo's aim had been the maintenance of the balance of power between the five greater Italian states, which was the antithesis of political unity. . . . For Guicciardini, Lorenzo's methods possessed a constant fascination. . . . Machiavelli was a philosopher and, in spite of his own assurances, an idealist. Guicciardini was a diplomat and an opportunist."

Of Lorenzo's personal aims, his biographer says that the question is one of feeling rather than fact, for the materials of proof are scanty. He ascribes the causes of the Medici supremacy to the need in a city-state, which is forced not only into commercial, but into military relations with its neighbours, of a personal government in absence of military power. Such a government is based on the inherent sympathy between leader and peoples; and in this sympathy the Medicis were pre-eminent. They could "appreciate the spiritual tendencies of the day, its scepticism and formalism, its pagan regrets, its mystic aspirations." Lorenzo besides won and kept the favour of the people by his contributions to the popular entertainment and by the somewhat superficial, economic prosperity of Florence under his reign of liberal expenditure and patronage of the arts. Mr. Armstrong leaves Lorenzo's public disinterestedness an open question, though he compares his reign favourably with that of the republic. The only flaw in Lorenzo's power was not one of personality, but of a constitutional office to correspond with his monarchical authority.

Of Mr. Armstrong's discussion of the arts in that most fascinating of all artistic periods, the Italian Renaissance, we must confess that it is astonishingly dry, notwithstanding his painstaking and very just analyses of the prominent artistic personalities, and notwithstanding the fact that he refers to Mr. Walter Pater as being the first writer to acquaint him with Botticelli. Mr. Armstrong's book, however, by reason of its carefulness and thoroughness, will be very valuable for reference. Other writers are occupying themselves with the "fancies" of the Renaissance, and we can very readily admit to our libraries a well-made collation of some of the "brute facts" of the period.

JOAN OF ARC. By Francis C. Lowell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.

This is a delightful book. Few writers could fail to make something picturesque out of the subject, for there is scarce a story in history so full of fine effects as Joan of Arc's. But for this very reason fewer writers still could realise the actual woman in the striking legendary figure. Mr. Lowell brings us face to face with her. His narrative is full of those touches of nature which at once show the sympathetic historian and are a revelation of Joan's peculiar simplicity and her utter foreignness to the *poseur*. Indeed, barring the strange voices of her inspiration, his story of Joan is that of a healthy and devout peasant girl whose great genius was directness of purpose and a surpassing courage both of nerve and heart. Her humour is delightful, and, fortunately, her historian has a keen scent for it. When the examiner questions her at the trial about the voices, and asks if St. Margaret spoke English, "'Why should she,' asked Joan in return, 'since she is not of the English party?' 'Was St. Michael naked?' 'Do you think that God has not wherewith to clothe him?' Joan answered. 'Did he have hair?' continued the undaunted doctor. 'Why should it have been cut off?' Joan replied."

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Mr. Lowell's narrative is not only spirited, it is remarkably lucid. Joan's successes in war are explained simply. She supplied the French army not with technical generalship, for that it already had in its officers, but with the inspiration of a courageous personality. "Her theory of war, as far as she had a theory, consisted only in seeking out the enemy, wherever he might be, fighting him as soon as found, and never admitting the possibility of defeat." "To treat the successes of Joan like those of Alexander or Napoleon is gravely to mistake her power." Throughout the book there is the same rational and simple dealing with the subject.

We believe it is Sabatier who deplores the historical method much in vogue nowadays of inserting criticism and citing conflicting authorities in the heart of the narrative, and thus defeating dramatic conviction. Mr. Lowell, a picturesque historian, as well as a scholar, has wisely consigned his critical matter to footnotes and an appendix.

A B C: AN ALPHABET. Written and pictured by Mrs. Arthur Gaskin. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

FAIRY TALE AND FABLE. Designed for First Year Pupils. By J. G. and T. E. Thompson. Boston and New York: The New Century Educational Co.

OLD STORIES OF THE EAST. By James Baldwin. New York: American Book Co.

These three books, taken together, form a natural series, though they are published by different firms and with no reference to one another. Mrs. Gaskin's *Alphabet* is a very prettily printed volume, with dainty drawings in the Old English style, and with rhymes that are passable though they exhibit no particular advance upon "A is an Archer who shot at a Frog," as, indeed, why should they? *Fairy Tale and Fable* is a book to the making of which a good deal of labour and ingenuity must have been devoted. It is an attractive first reading book for a very young child, and begins by giving a list of 200 simple words that are to be learned before going on to read the stories that follow. Then at the beginning of each story is a list of the few new words that enter into it. One feels surprised at the amount of narrative that can be given by adding five or six such vocables to the original list; for the new words in no case number more than eight, and in some stories only two, and th[illegible] clude a goodly number of Æ[illegible] and such stories as "T[illegible] "Red Riding Hood Eye, Little Two E[illegible] Eyes." The type pretty, and the sch[illegible] We like the book

Mr. Baldw[illegible]'s [illegible]d stories" are the Biblical narrat[illegible] that are perhaps dearer to the heart [illegible] the average child than even the most f[illegible]scinating of the nursery classics; and th[illegible]e plan is to tell them "from a literar[illegible] standpoint and in exactly the same [illegible]anner as one would retell other stories pertaining to the infancy of the human race." Granting the wisdom of the plan which puts these stories into the category of myths, the work has been well done. The narrative is simple and easy, and retains the old-world charm of the original. But we, for our part, like to see a distinction preserved between the narrative of Scripture and all other stories, and not to have the Deity transformed into "the Master," and the supernatural and sacred element ignored. All this in its small way makes for euhemerism and rationalism, and we believe it should be condemned. Nor do we like the substitution of the English meanings for the original Hebrew names, as "Man" and "Woman" for Adam and Eve, "Beauty" and "Laughter" for Rebekah and Isaac, and "Splendid Sun" for Samson. The real names will have to be learned some time or other; and from a purely literary point of view we object to it as giving an unreality to the story that detracts from the interest. We are obliged to take "Rain-in-the-Face" and "Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses" in novels of the Wild West, but it is not a thing that one hankers after, especially in stories where the true name-forms are linked with the most sacred associations. As a matter of fact, Mr. Baldwin has not been consistent in this himself, for he keeps Noah and Abraham, and Ruth and Naomi, and Moses and Aaron. The illustrations are very spirited and in the main well done.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

The Bicyclers and other Farces, by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, contains four pieces for parlour theatricals, some of

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which are better than others. We presume that all are more amusing when acted than when read; or, at any rate, we hope so. (Harper and Brothers, $1.25.)——The latest volume of the Messrs. Scribners' Ivory Series is *A Master Spirit*, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and it has her usual neat literary touch and occasional dramatic power (75 cents).——The third volume of the *Chap Book* comes to us from Messrs. Stone and Kimball, and in its neat binding is a book to be read again with pleasure and a renewed appreciation of its cleverness.——In *Hills of Song* Mr. Clinton Scollard has collected a number of his poems whose finish and distinction are familiar to all who care for a refined and scholarly poetic manner. (Copeland and Day.)

In *Deutsche Gedichte* Dr. Camillo von Klenze, of the University of Chicago, gives us some of the best of the literary as distinguished from the purely popular lyrics and ballads of the best-known German poets. An introduction of ten pages runs over the outlines of the history of German lyrical poetry from the twelfth century to the present time, and serves to call attention to the sterility in this field of the Germans of to-day. The notes appended to the volume give brief biographical sketches of the authors cited, and a short commentary on special points that require elucidation or notice. There are seven portrait-plates inserted among the pages of the text. (Henry Holt and Company.)

Metaphors, Similes, and Characteristic Sayings of Henry Ward Beecher is a book sufficiently described by its title. The selections have been made by Mr. T. J. Ellinwood; and Dr. Homer B. Sprague writes a short introduction which notes both the strength and the weakness of Mr. Beecher's style. We have read the volume with considerable interest, though in cold type many of the selections appear rather trite. (New York: Andrew J. Graham and Company.)——Professor Charles Foster Kent's *Wise Men of Ancient Israel and their Proverbs* is a classification of the sayings found in the Book of Proverbs, under their proper heads. Four introductory chapters deal with the gnomic element in Hebrew lore, with a special discussion of the Book of Proverbs itself as to its structure, authorship, and the dates of its different sections. A great deal of valuable information is packed away in these preliminary pages, and the proverbs themselves are always a delight to read. A final (supplementary) chapter treats of the use made of these sayings by Christ in His teaching. (New York: Silver, Burdett and Company.)

Russian Portraits, by Melchior de Voguë, translated by Elizabeth L. Cary, gives a short sketch of the author and five of his characteristic tales. Some of them are very Russian and show that the Vicomte de Voguë managed during his stay in Russia to assimilate in a very curious fashion the spirit of the people and the atmosphere of their environment. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 50 cents.)

Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis's *Voice Building and Tone Placing* (Appleton, $2.00) we should judge to be immensely helpful to vocalists. But it is valuable also to the specialist; "the chapters on anatomy and respiration are intended to be of value to the physician as well as to the student of singing, and for this reason also the subject of the vibration of the vocal cords has been entered into in a way not treated of in any other work." The author has been largely indebted to Madame Melba for her generous aid in his chapter on voice building.——In *The Voice and Spiritual Education* Professor Hiram Corson emphasises the importance of vocal culture in its relations to literary and general culture. We believe that if this little book were thoroughly studied the result would contribute to more good reading on its technical side than we are accustomed to hearing. Elocutionary instruction has been overdone and turns out readers on the platform who make a travesty and burlesque of good literature when it is read by them. Special stress is therefore laid by Professor Corson on spiritual education (which includes the emotional, the sympathetic, the intuitive) as an indispensable condition of interpretative reading (Macmillan, 75 cents).——Messrs. Little, Brown and Company send us, in their beautiful subscription edition of Charles Lever's novels which we announced last month, the following titles: *Harry Lorrequer; Charles O'Malley; Arthur O'Leary; Jack Hinton; Our Mess*, first and second series; and *Tom Burke of Ours*. It was with *Harry Lorrequer* that Lever began his brilliant literary career, and these early novels, which

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rapidly appeared in succession, took the public by storm with their rollicking fun and vivacity. These novels belong to the period of his youth, and were written with the dash of the bold dragoon, the mirth of the comic Irishman, the drinking and fighting of squires and the adventures of penniless beauties intermingling in high comedy for the delectation of the young men of the time—and for all time. With numerous etched plates and illustrations (price, $2.50 per volume).——*A Laodicean* is the new volume just issued by the Messrs. Harper in their new edition of Thomas Hardy's novels. The story opens excellently, but soon becomes depressingly dull, and Paula is the least charming of all Mr. Hardy's fascinating heroines. Rarely does it anywhere recall the author's great powers. Perhaps the circumstances under which it was written account in some measure for its inferiority. Scarcely had Mr. Hardy begun the writing of *A Laodicean* for serial issue when he was attacked by a tedious illness, which for five months compelled him to resort to dictation in order to keep the narrative going for the magazine. But it "may perhaps help to while away an idle afternoon," as the author hopes in his preface. (Price, $1.50.)——The Harpers have published a new edition of *The Danvers Jewels* and its sequel, *Sir Charles Danvers*, which first appeared in the Franklin Square Library. The stories are contained in one volume, and present a good old-fashioned combination of love and intrigue. (Price, $1.00.)——*The Funny Adventures of Tommy Toddles* ($1.25), by Albert Lee, with comic pictures by Peter S. Newell as they appeared in *Harper's Round Table* last year, provided a fund of amusement for the young people, which deserves a wider circulation in its present book form.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1896.

Business for the past month has been quiet, country sales being fair. City dealers report slow trade and poor collections.

A visit to Philadelphia found the booksellers complaining not only of the prevailing lightness of business, but also in a number of instances of a considerable overstock, caused by their inability to make sales during the street-railway strikes in their city during the holiday season. On the other hand, accounts from Boston report good business.

A feature of the month has been the throwing on the market at special prices of three large stocks, caused in one instance by fire and in the other two by the closing of business.

It is between seasons for text books, so that the demand is light for all subjects. Library trade is good and the competition for orders continues unabated.

Easter trade still fails to show any marked activity; in fact, there is a scarcity of attractive books in this line. Elizabeth Stuart Pheips's *The Supply at St. Agatha's* is therefore particularly acceptable, and is being rewarded with a liberal demand.

Paper-bound books should be especially lively now, but they still continue quiet, and the leaders, *Mrs. Romney*, by Rosa N. Carey, *Her Senator*, by Archibald C. Gunter, and *The Copsford Mystery*, by W. Clark Russell, are only reaching a moderate sale.

The popularity of John Kendrick Bangs's books continues, *The House Boat on the Styx* leading in point of sale, but the opportune publication of *The Bicyclers* with the opening of the cycling season will probably make this the more popular during the coming months.

The Venezuela Boundary Question and the unusual interest taken in African affairs have caused a considerable demand for books on these two subjects. The recent work entitled *Fire and Sword in the Sudan*, by Slatin Pasha, is especially in demand.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *A Lady of Quality* has led the sales of the month's publications, a considerable adverse criticism as to the character of the book having probably aided this result to some extent. Other volumes of fiction in demand and brought out during the month are *A Woman Intervenes*, by Robert Barr, *I Married a Wife*, by John Strange Winter, and *Cleg Kelly*, by S. R. Crockett.

Outside of fiction Ida M. Tarbell's *Early Life of Lincoln* has been very successful. *The Principles of Sociology*, by F. H. Giddings, and *Kokoro*, by Lafcadio Hearn, are also worthy of mention.

In referring to other books still in large demand, but of earlier publication, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* must still be included, although repeatedly mentioned in previous letters. *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane, increases in sale, and the works of Marie Corelli, Eugene Field, and Thomas Hardy are largely sought after.

The books that sold best during the month were:

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A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. $1.00.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

Her Senator. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

I Married a Wife. By John Strange Winter. 75 cts.

The Supply at St. Agatha's. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.00.

Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

The Copsford Mystery. By W. Clark Russell. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, 1.25.

Mrs. Romney. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1896.

March trade must be spoken of as fair only. In fact, considering the promising conditions under which the month opened, business was upon the whole disappointing. The inclement weather which prevailed most of the time, and the Lenten season combined, may account to some extent for this dearth of business, but even allowing for these drawbacks, trade certainly was far from active, and did not come up to expectations. Some features of the month were hopeful, however, notably the demand for the latest books, most of which went very well. The call also for miscellaneous and standard books in general was fair and steady. On the other hand, what may be termed Lenten literature went rather slowly, and the Easter trade, which is commencing as we write, will have to be unusually good to make up for the month's shortcomings.

Most of the leading books of the day are well represented in the record of sales, and in many instances the demand was better than could ordinarily be expected at this time of the year. This was the case, for instance, with *Comedies of Courtship*, *A Singular Life*, *House Boat on the Styx*, Ian Maclaren's Scotch idylls, *Menticulture*, Miss Corelli's latest book, *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* and *A Woman Intervenes*. It must be noticed, too, that *The Prisoner of Zenda* keeps up its remarkable run. *Degeneration* fell off a good deal, while the once famous *Trilby* is now almost a tale of the past.

The record of books published during March is a good one, and includes Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel, *A Lady of Quality*, which has made a decided hit; S. R. Crockett's *Cleg Kelly*, and following close upon these in point of sale *The House*, by Eugene Field; *The Mighty Atom*, by Marie Corelli; *A Woman Intervenes*, by Robert Barr; *The Bicyclers and other Farces*, by John Kendrick Bangs, and *In the Blue Pike*, by George Ebers.

Ian Maclaren appears to succeed in everything he attempts, and if the sale of his *Upper Room*, in Dodd, Mead & Co.'s Little Books on Religion Series counts for anything, he must be equally as good at sermons as in fiction.

As a general rule, few books outside of fiction meet with large sales, but now and then works belonging to other classes appear which are read almost as widely as a successful novel. This is evidenced perhaps more often with works of biography and memoirs than with any other class, and last year's record furnishes us with several examples. As instances we may mention two books which have had and, in the case of the first named, are having a remarkable sale: *The Journal of the Countess Krasinska* and *The Life of Sonya Kovalevsky*.

F. T. Green's book, *The Armenian Crisis*, has had quite a call, and under its new title, *The Rule of the Turk in the East*, should lose none of its interest, especially as much new and interesting matter has been added.

Interest in books relating to political science in all of its ramifications is, as is usual at this time of the year, running high. The most pronounced call just now is for works on Municipal Government, and Dr. Shaw's two books on Municipal Government are selling remarkably well.

That the season for outdoor books is rapidly approaching is evidenced by the increased demand for books on Birds, Flowers, the Farm, Garden, and kindred outdoor topics. Every bookseller should now have a well-selected stock, which need not necessarily be large, of this class of books upon his shelves.

The interest in literature pertaining to Japan is still remarkable, and nearly all of the many books on Japanese life and customs issued lately are in good demand. The latest book of all, *Kokoro*, by Lafcadio Hearn, is selling well, and so is *Sunrise Stories: A Glance at the Literature of Japan*.

The following books led the demand last month:

A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 12mo, $1.25, and 16mo, 25 cts.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Menticulture; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By Conan Doyle. $1.50.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

A Woman Intervenes. By Robert Barr $1.25.

The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Eugene Field. $1.25.

Aftermath. By James Lane Allen. $1.00.

Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

The House. By Eugene Field. $1.25.

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ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, February 24th to March 21st, 1896.

At the commencement of this period "the trade" were fairly busy, but a considerable falling off is now apparent in home business. The issue of some very popular works has kept it from dropping to a very low level. Orders from the colonies have been much heavier, and foreign business is satisfactory.

Lenten books, as hinted last month, duly gave place to novels. The sale of the latter class of book is as great as ever, as may be judged from the fact that something like 20,000 copies of *Cleg Kelly* and 30,000 copies of *A Mighty Atom* were taken up by the trade in the first instance. Short stories are again coming into favour.

The publication of new books and new editions shows little decrease. About 800 have been brought out during the last month. It is computed that ten per cent of the new issues are six-shilling novels, but what becomes of them all is a mystery. From this it is evident that to stock a bookseller's shop needs a considerable amount of literary discrimination.

The approach of the Easter holidays has caused inquiry for holiday guides, whose season now commences. With the advent of fine weather, works on gardening are in good request, Saunders's *Encyclopædia of Gardening* being very popular.

The demand for school books, which now drops for a time, has been a good one. During the last few years the improvements in the production of the books themselves has been very marked.

The anxiety recently caused by our relations with foreign powers has produced considerable inquiry for good atlases, and especially maps of South Africa, works, old or new, on this country being eagerly inquired for.

Naval publications are again in the front. The *Naval Pocket Book* and *Ironclads in Action* are selling freely, and great interest is shown in the parts of the *Navy and Army* as they appear.

Two or three lives of Dr. Jameson are announced, and already are in demand in anticipation of issue. As, however, that portion of his life in which most interest is taken is at present *sub judice*, the public are not likely to be satisfied with all that can be provided for them at the moment.

Among magazines, the *New Review*, with its articles on South African questions, has considerably increased its sales. Other periodicals continue much as usual.

With regard to the appended list of the leading works of the hour, it may be remarked that novels still lead, and will probably continue to do so. The 3s. 6d. edition of Mrs. Craik's works is very much liked. Marie Corelli, Dr. Conan Doyle, S. R. Crockett—these are the three favourites of fiction at present.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.

Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. 6s.

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.

Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

A Lady of Quality. By Frances H. Burnett. 6s.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. 2s. 6d. net, and 3s. net.

The Real Lady Hilda. By B. M. Croker. 3s. 6d.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.

John Halifax. By Mrs. Craik. 3s. 6d.

Life of Cardinal Manning. By E. S. Purcell. 30s. net.

Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By Slatin Bey. 21s. net.

South Africa. By W. B. Worsfold. 6s.

In the Evening of his Days (W. E. Gladstone). 2s. 6d.

Life of Right Hon. J. Chamberlain. By S. H. Jeyes. 3s. 6d.

A Wandering Scholar in the Levant. By D. G. Hogarth. 7s. 6d.

For His Sake. Elsie Marshall. 2s.

Encyclopædia of Gardening. By T. W. Saunders. 3s. 6d.

Absolute Surrender. By Andrew Murray. 2s. 6d.

Glimpses of my Life. By Countess Schimmelmann. 5s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1 and April 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
4. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Upper Room. By Maclaren. 50 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
4. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
5. Cleg Kelly. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Supply at St. Agatha's. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.00. (Houghton.)
2. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)

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4. Charlecote. By Thacher. $5.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. One of the Sweet Old Chapters. By Porter. 30 cts. (Revell.)
6. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
4. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Three Gringos. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. A Clever Wife. By Ridge. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Early Life of Lincoln. By Tarbell. $1.00. (McClure.)
6. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
3. The Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
4. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
5. Cleg Kelly. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. A House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Menticulture. By Fletcher. $1.00. (McClurg.)
4. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Etidorhpa; or the End of Earth. By Lloyd. $2.00. (Robert Clarke Co.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
4. Flute and Violin. By Allen. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
2. The House. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Battlement and Tower. By Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)
4. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Upper Room. By Watson. 50 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. In the Days of Adversity. By Burton. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
4. Scientific Demonstration of Future Life. By Hudson. $1.50. (McClurg.)
5. Bicyclers and Other Farces. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

HARTFORD, CONN.

1. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. 15 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Cleg Kelly. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. The Century Cook Book. By Ronalds. $2.00. (Century.)
5. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1 25. (Houghton.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. Cheap ed., cloth and paper. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Gallery of Antiquities. By Balzac. $1.50. (Roberts.)
3. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
6. When Greek Meets Greek. By Hatton. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
3. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. The House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Jude the Obscure. By Hardy. $1.75. (Harper.)

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2. Kokoro. By Lafcadio Hearn. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. 25 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. The Journal of Countess Krasinski. $1.25. (McClurg.)
6. A Social Highwayman. By Train. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Cleg Kelly. By Crockett. $1.25. (Briggs.)
3. Eden Lost and Won. By Dawson. $1.25. (Revell.)
4. Victorian Anthology. By Stedman. $2.50 and $3.00. (Houghton.)
5. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. 15 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
5. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
4. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
5. Red Republic. By Chambers. $1.25. (Putnam.)
6. Crime of Century. By Ottolengui. $1.25. (Putnam.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. A Mighty Atom. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
4. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. The House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Cleg Kelly. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Little Rivers. By Van Dyke. $2.00. (Scribner.)
5. A Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. Three Gringos. By Davis. $1.50. (Harper.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
2. The House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. The House. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Kokoro. By Hearn. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Architects of Fate. By Marden. $1.50. (Houghton.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
3. Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. The Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
6. Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Mrs. Stowe. $1.50. (Houghton.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
4. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1 50. (Scribner.)
5. Menticulture. By Fletcher. $1.00. (McClurg.)
6. Cardinal Manning, Life and Letters. By Purcell. $6.00. (Macmillan.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
2. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner)
5. Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Autobiography of a Professional Beauty. By Train. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
4. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. 15 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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TOLEDO, O.

1. Three Gringos. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. The House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. The Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cents. (Holt.)
4. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Dr. Warrick's Daughters. By Davis. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
3. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Three Gringos in Central America and Venezuela. By Davis. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Supply at St. Agatha s. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. (Houghton.)
5. The House. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. $1.00. (Houghton.)

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY.

CORSON, HIRAM.—The Voice of Spiritual Education. 18mo, pp. 198, 75 cents...Macmillan

GOULD, Rev. EZRA P.—A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Mark. 8vo, pp. lv–317, $2.50 *net*. Scribner

LOVE, Rev. WM. DE LOSS.—Sabbath and Sunday. 12mo, pp. iii–325, $1.25.....Revell

LUCKOCK, HERBERT MORTIMER.—The History of Marriage, Jewish and Christian, in Relation to Divorce and Certain Forbidden Degrees. Crown 8vo, pp. xxviii–359, $1.75 Longmans, G.

MEAGHER, Rev. JAS. L.—The Religions of the World, and How the Fifty-eight Grandsons of Noah and their Descendents founded the Nations after the Flood. 12mo, pp. 442, $1.00.....Christian Press Ass. Pub. Co.

MORTIMER, ALFRED G.—The Seven Last Words of our Most Holy Redeemer. With Meditations on some Scenes in His Passion. 12mo, pp. vii–198, $1.00.....Longmans, G.

Nietzsche, Friedrich, The Works of. Vol. XI. The Case of Wagner; The Twilight of the Idols; Nietzsche contra Wagner. Edited by Alexander Tille. Translated by Thomas Common. 12mo, pp. xxiv–351, $2.00 Macmillan

PATTERSON, ALEXANDER.—The Greater Life and Work of Christ as Revealed in Scripture, Man, and Nature. 12mo, pp. 408, $1.50. Revell

SCHURMAN, J. G.—Agnosticism and Religion. Small 8vo, pp. vii–181, $1.00.....Scribner

STACKPOLE, Rev. EVERETT S.—Prophecy of Speaking for God. Small 8vo, pp. x–157, 75 cents.....Crowell

TAIT, Rev. JAS.—Adrift in the Breakers; or, The Present Dangers to Religion. By the author of "Mind in Matter." 12mo, pp. iii–268, $1.25.....Drysdale

TORREY, R. A.—How to Study the Bible for Greatest Profit. Small 8vo, pp. 121, 75 cents. Revell

VINCENT, Bishop J. H.—At the Table Altar. Meditations for a Month of Mornings. Small 8vo, 50 cents.....Revell

WEBB-PEPLOE, Rev. H. W.—The Life of Privilege, Possession, Peace, and Power. 12mo, pp. 202, $1.00.....Revell

ZAHM, Rev. J. A.—Evolution and Dogma. 12mo, pp. xxx–461, $2.00.....McBride

FICTION.

ALEXANDER, Mrs.—A Fight with Fate. 12mo. pp. 300, $1.25.....Lippincott

Amateur Angler, The. By Meadow and Stream. Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Places. 16mo, pp. xiii–134, $2.25.....Scribner

BALZAC, H. DE.—La Grande Breteche, and Other Stories. Translated by Clara Bell. 12mo, pp. xiv–308, $1.50.....Macmillan

BARING-GOULD, S.—The Broom Squire. 12mo, pp. iv–345, $1.25.....Stokes

BARR, ROBERT.—A Woman Intervenes; or, The Mistress of the Mine. 12mo, pp. v–375, $1.25.....Stokes

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BJORNSON, BJORNSTJERNE.—A Happy Boy. Translated from the Norwegian by Mrs. W. Archer. 16mo, pp. v–182, $1.25. Macmillan

BRAINERD, T. H.—Robert Atterbury: a Study of Love and Life. Narrow 16mo, pp. viii–284, 50 cents.....Cassell

BRIGGS, H. MEAD.—By Tangled Paths. Stray Leaves from Nature's Byways. 12mo, pp. 203, $1.25.....Warne

BURNETT, FRANCES HODGSON.—A Lady of Quality. 12mo, pp. xi–363, $1.50.....Scribner

BURTON, J. BLOUNDELLE.—In the Day of Adversity: a Romance. 12mo, pp. viii–302, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Appleton

CARLETON, WM.—Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. 12mo, pp. lvi–219, $1.50.....Macmillan

CARPENTER, EDITH.—Your Money or Your Life. 16mo, pp. viii–345, $1.25.....Scribner

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Congreg. S. S. & Pub. Soc.

CLIFFORD, Mrs. W. K.—A Flash of Summer 12mo, pp. vii–299, 50 cents.....Appleton

CROCKETT, S. R.—Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City. 12mo, pp. viii–388, $1.50.....Appleton

DANVERS, Sir CHARLES.—The Danvers Jewels. 8vo, pp. 310, $1.00.....Harper

DAWSON, Sir J. William.—Eden Lost and Won. 12mo, pp. viii–226, $1.25.....Revell

EBERS, G. MORITZ.—In the Blue Pike: a Romance of German Civilization at the Commencement of the Sixteenth Century. 16mo, pp. iii–230, 75 cents; paper, 40 cents. Appleton

FENN, GEO. MANNVILLE.—Seven Frozen Sailors. 16mo, pp. iv–194, 75 cents.
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FIELD, EUGENE.—The House: an Episode in the Lives of Reuben Baker, Astronomer, and of his wife Alice. 16mo, pp. v–268, $1.25.
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GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—The Things that Matter. 16mo, pp. v–309, $1.00.....Putnam

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HARDY, THOMAS.—A Laodicean. 8vo, pp. viii–500, $1.50.....Harper

HARLEY, FANNY M.—Sermonettes from Mother Goose for Big Folks. 16mo, pp. 79, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Harley

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HEPWORTH, GEORGE H.—The Farmer and the Lord. 16mo, pp. iv–238, 75 cents...Dutton

HUME, FERGUS.—The Carbuncle Clue: a Mystery. 12mo, pp. 260, $1.25.....Warne

HUME, FERGUS,—The Crime of the "'Liza Jane." 12mo, pp. viii–248, $1.00.....Ward, L.

INGLE, E.—Southern Sidelights. 12mo, pp. v–373, $1.75.....Crowell

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MORE, E. ANSON.—Out of the Past. 12mo, pp. iv–248, $1.25; paper, 50 cents. Arena Pub. Co.

MORRIS, WM.—Old French Romances. Done into English by William Morris. 12mo, pp. xxxii–169, $1.50.....Scribner

MORTON, A. S.—Beyond the Palaeocrystic Sea; or, the Legend of Halfjord. 12mo, pp. ii–264, $1.50 *net*.....Porter

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